

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1878.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

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MRS. ALINE OSGOOD.

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The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of its entertainments, will this year surpass all other rival establishments.
Doors will open at 11. Admission One Shilling.
11 till 1 o'clock and throughout the day. Transparent Tableaux from the Berlin Royal Academy; "Mephisto" the Chess Player, twice daily, from 12 to 5 and 6 to 10 during the day; C. Naud's Gallery of Drawings; the Royal Punch and Judy, Cosmorama Views, the Performing Fleas. The Aquarium (finest in the world).
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2.30. Theatre, GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD AND THE LIAR. Reduced prices from Building as usual.
3.15. Special Variety Entertainment in Great Hall.
5.30. Zazel the marvellous.
7.30. Vocal and Instrumental Concert.
8.30. Second Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall.
10.30. Zazel's second performance.
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Second Grand Billiard Tournament, Nov. 16, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, and 23, American Handicap, by the eight celebrated professional players—Joseph Bennett (ex-Champion), Tom Taylor, G. Collins, D. Richards, G. Hunt, A. Hughes, R. Wilson, A. Davies. Heats 500 up. Prizes to the value of £50. Admission 4s. and 2s.
The Grand Chrysanthemum Show, Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 19 and 20. All the entertainment as usual. Admission 1s.
ROYAL AQUARIUM THEATRE.—Old Comedies. Every Afternoon at 2.30. Carriages at 5.15. GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD and THE LIAR. Mr. W. Farren, as Grandfather Whitehead and Young Wilding; Miss M. Litton as Miss Grantham (by permission of Mr. J. S. Clarke of the Haymarket Theatre), Mr. C. Collette, Mr. E. F. Edgar, Mr. J. Fawn, Mr. Norman Forbes, Miss Miller; Miss Vandenhoff will also appear. Reduced prices of admission will continue in force from the Aquarium, and the privilege of free admission (Gallery excepted) from the Theatre to the Aquarium.
At Christmas will be produced, afternoon and evening, the Grand Pantomime ALADDIN, written by the Brothers Grinn.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—NOW ON VIEW, a fine PORPOISE. The only living specimen in captivity. Sea Lions, with young one. Alligators and Crocodiles in their new cavern. Diving Birds, and by far the largest collection of fishes in the world. New Terrace Garden and Promenade, the most elegant in the Kingdom.—G. Reeves Smith, General Manager.

THE GRAND ANNUAL FANCY DRESS POLO AND UNITED COUNTIES HUNT BALL.—Will take place in the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, on WEDNESDAY, November 27th. Tickets will only be issued on the production of a voucher. For full particulars and programmes address the Secretary, 173, Piccadilly, London, W. Books containing a full list of members of the International Gun and Polo Club, from whom vouchers may be obtained, sent on receipt of twelve stamps. The International Promenade Concert will be held in the Dome on the following day.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS by ARTISTS of the BRITISH and FOREIGN SCHOOLS is NOW OPEN, at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket.—Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—SHERE ALI, Ameer of Afghanistan. Berlin Congress—Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury, Bismarck, Mehemet Ali Pasha, and other representatives. Sir Garnet Wolseley. Plus IX, lying in state as at St. Peter's. The guillotine used during the Reign of Terror. The actual gallows designed and constructed by the notorious Thurtell, and used in England over 50 years. The BULGARIAN ATROCITIES.—Photographs from life taken at the time and place. Admission 1s.; Chamber of Horrors, 6d. extra. Open from Ten till Ten.

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EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT. MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, AND SATURDAYS, AT THREE AND EIGHT.
No fees. No charge for Programmes. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ORIGINAL PICTURES, DRAWINGS & SKETCHES, BY ARTISTS OF THE

ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, NOW ON VIEW AND FOR SALE, FROM 11 TILL 5, AT THE GALLERY, ATTACHED TO THE OFFICES OF

"THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 148, STRAND, LONDON. ADMISSION BY PRESENTING ADDRESS CARD.

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THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. Chatterton.
Entire change of Performance. New Comic Ballet, Comedy and Melodrama. To night Saturday, 16th November, and every evening, at 6.50, a New Comic Ballet entitled THE PLANTATION, by the celebrated Lauri Family and the Corps de Ballet; at 7.20, Coleman's comedy (compressed into 3 acts) THE JEALOUS WIFE. Mrs. Oakley, Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Oakley, Mr. J. C. Cowper, Major Oakley, Mr. John Ryder. At 8.30, BELPHEGOR. Mr. Chas. Dillon in his celebrated character of the Mountebank; Madeline, Miss Wallis, supported by Messrs. J. C. Cowper, S. Calhaem, H. Jenner, C. Allerton, C. Tritton, H. Hamilton, Howard Russell, Misses Hudspeth, Lonsdale, Bellew, Miss D'Arcy, &c. Doors open at 6.30, commence at 6.50. Prices from 6d. to Four Guineas. Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling; Treasurer, Mr. James Guiver. Box office open ten till five daily.

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

Mr. JOHN S. CLARKE, every evening, in Sheridan's Comedy, in five acts, of THE RIVALS, with the following distribution of the characters:—Falkland, by Mr. Charles Kelly; Captain Absolute, by Mr. W. Terriss; Sir Anthony Absolute, by Mr. Howe; Sir Lucius O'Trigger, by Mr. R. Pateman; David, by Mr. D. Fisher, jun.; Fag, by Mr. Crouch; Coachman, by Mr. Weathersby; Bob Acres, by Mr. John S. Clarke; Lydia Languish, by Miss Litton; Julia, by Miss Carlotta Addison; Lucy, by Miss Kate Phillips; Mrs. Malaprop, by Miss E. Thorne; Maid, by Miss J. Roselle. Box-office open ten to five.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE. Sole Proprietor, Mr. Benjamin Webster. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Every Evening at 7.45, PROOF. Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. Arthur Stirling, L. Lablache, C. Harcourt, J. Johnstone, and E. J. George. Mesdames Bandmann, L. Moodie, A. Stirling, Billington, Clara Jacks, Kate Barry, and Bella Pateman. Preceded by, at 7, SARAH'S YOUNG MAN. Messrs. E. J. George, F. Moreland, Waring. Mesdames Clara Jacks, J. Coveney, and Bentley. To conclude with SHRIMPS FOR TWO.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—OVERPROOF; OR, WHAT WAS FOUND IN A CELEBRATED CASE. New Burlesque, by F. C. Burnand. Every Evening at 9, Miss Kate Santley, Messrs. W. H. Fisher, F. Leslie, W. Seymour, Grey, Charles Groves, and Mr. G. W. Anson (specially engaged); Mesdames H. Coveney, Roberts, Lavis, Marshall, Parkes, &c. CHECKMATE at 7.30. Farce at 10.30.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—123rd Night of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron (123rd and following nights). Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG. Supported by Messrs. Thorne, Flockton, Garthorne, Naylor, Bradbury, and James; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WALTER GOOCH begs to announce that his regular WINTER SEASON will commence on SATURDAY, November 30, with a new and original Drama, written expressly for this Theatre by Messrs. James Albery and Joseph Hutton. Entitled, THE SHADOW OF FATE. New Scenery, New Dresses, New Music, New Ballet.—PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.
LAST NIGHTS OF THE PINK DOMINOS.
NOTICE.—Notwithstanding the continued success of this remarkable comedy the management is compelled to announce the last nights of its representation, owing to arrangements having been entered into for the production of other novelties. The free list for the remainder of the run of THE PINK DOMINOS will be entirely suspended. Every Evening, for the last times, at 7.30, the serio-comic drama, in two acts, by John Oxenford, Esq., entitled THE PORTER'S KNOT; Sampson Burr, Mr. Henry Ashley. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS. Messrs. Charles Wyndham, Standing, Ashley, A. Harris, Francis; Mesdames Fanny Josephs, Duncan, Norwood, M. Davis, E. Bruce.—Acting-Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

FOLLY THEATRE.
Sole Manager and Proprietor, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.
Every Evening at a quarter-past 7 A HUSBAND IN COITON WOOL. At five minutes past 8, THE IDOL. Last 5 Nights. To conclude with TANTALUS; or, MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT CUP AND LIP: an extravaganza in five sips. Last 5 Nights. Supported by Miss Lydia Thompson and the entire Company. THE WEDDING MARCH, by W. S. Gilbert, and a new comedy drama, entitled RETIRING, will be produced on Saturday next, Nov. 23rd. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

OPERA COMIQUE.—Manager, Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte.
Every Evening, at 8.30, H.M.S. PINAFORE; or, The Lass That Loved a Sailor; an original nautical Comic Opera by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Mesdames E. Howson, Everard, E. Cross, J. Bond; Messrs. G. Power, Temple, Barrington, Clifton, Dymott, and George Grossmith, jun. At 7.45, CUPS AND SAUCERS. At 10.30, Mr. George Grossmith in BEAUTIES ON THE BEACH.—Stage Manager, Mr. J. H. Jarvis. Morning Performance every Saturday, until further notice of H.M.S. PINAFORE at 3 o'clock; CUPS and SAUCERS at 2.20.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. SWANBOROUGH.
Every Evening at 7, OUR CLUB. Messrs. Marius, Harry Cox, H. J. Turner, and W. H. Vernon; Mesdames Lottie Venne, M. Jones, and Ada Swanborough. At 9.15, NEMESIS, Messrs. Loredan, H. Cox, Marius; Mesdames Violet Cameron, L. Venne, &c.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening, at 6.45, THE SLAVE HUNTER. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Bigwood, Lewis, Drayton, Towers; Mdles. Adams, Bellair. Selections from MADAME ANGOT, by the Brian Troupe. The Volgaans. Miss Kate Garstone. Recitation—Miss Marie Henderson. The Brothers Dare, on the Horizontal Bar. After which, DAISSY, by E. Manuel, Esq. Mrs. S. Lane, Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton; Mdles. Summers, Brewer. To conclude with THE VOLUNTEERS.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.
This Evening at 7 THE ROYAL PARDON, written by Messrs. G. Conquest and H. Pettitt. Characters by Messrs. G. Conquest, James, F. Dobell, Nicholls, Parker, Syms, Inch; Mesdames Verner, Victor, Inch. To conclude with, THE HAND OF CARDS, Messrs. James, F. Dobell, G. Conquest, jun., Nicholls, Parker, Syms, Vincent, Inch, Mesdames Victor, Verner, Denvil, Read, Inch. On Wednesday, DON CESAR DE BAZAN and GARRYOWEN. Dancing in the Hall every evening.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—LA PERICHOLE, Opera Bouffe, by Offenbach. Artistes—Mdles. Emily Soldene, Clara Vesey, Violet Granville; Messrs. Knight Astor, L. Kelleher, F. Hall, J. Wallace, Aynsley Cook. Grand Ballet LES SAISONS. Music by Verdi. Mdles. Pertoldi, Tessi, Kosa, Bartolotti, Richards, and Corps de Ballet. Opera at 8.10, Ballet at 10.15 every evening.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.
SATURDAY EVENING CONCERT, NOVEMBER 23. Doors open at 7; commence at 8 o'clock.
Artistes:—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Marian Williams, and Mrs. Osgood, Madame Patey and Miss De Fonblanque; Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Maybrick, and Signor Procolini. Pianoforte—Madame Arabella Goddard. Cornet—Mr. Howard Reynolds. Conductor—Mr. Ganz. Sofa Stalls, 6s.; Family Tickets (to admit four), 21s.; Reserved Area, 3s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets at usual Agents, and at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

HAMILTON'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN.—Lessee, Mr. Harry H. Hamilton.
WILL RE-OPEN this (Saturday evening) with Hamilton's EXCURSION TO AMERICA, enlivened by jest and story; and a Grand Pantheoroma of Passing Events, including magnificent views of Cyprus. Superb and costly scenery by the most eminent artists. Marvellous transformations, and startling surprises. Songs and Ballads by Miss Beaumont, Mrs. Haigh, Mr. Charles Heywood, and Mr. Winter Haigh. Plantation Negro Sketches by Messrs. Andy McKee, F. Diamond, J. H. Gulliver, and W. Gant. The Champion Skaters, Messrs. Ashley, Smith and Hess. Every Evening at 8. Mondays and Saturdays, 3 and 8. Admission 6d. to 2s. Stalls 3s., bonnets allowed. Seats can be secured, without fee, at Austins', 28, Piccadilly, or at the Amphitheatre, Acting Manager, Mr. W. Harrison.

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COVENT GARDEN.

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Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR, Conducted by Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

ADMISSION 2s.

Proprietor J. B. AMOR.

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NEXT week's issue of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain a portrait of Miss Cora Stuart in character—Drawings from the Queen's Buckhounds, by R. H. Moore—"A Blind Fence," by J. Sturges—Scene from *La Perichole* at the Alhambra Theatre—Our Captious Critic at the Gaiety Theatre—Mr. Arthur Cecil in character, a double-page portrait by Matt Stretch—Recent Experiments with Folding Boats at the Crystal Palace, by H. Petherick—The Young Violinist, Maurice Dengre-mont (aged eleven years)—Seal Hunting in the North Sea—Going Home, a sketch from the outside of a London Police Court, &c., &c.

THE LATE MR. PHELPS, as "DR. CANTWELL," drawn from life by Matt. Stretch. A few proof copies on plate paper may be had, price One Shilling each, by post 1s. 1d. Apply to the Publisher, 148, Strand, London.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S Annual Tour of England, Scotland, and Ireland. THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN, MONDAY, November 4, for Three Weeks. All the principal Cities of the Empire to follow. All dates filled to end of tour.—Business Manager, L. S. AMERY.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, Regent's-park, are Open Daily (except Sundays) from 9 a.m. to Sunset. Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d. Amongst the latest additions are a pair of Ostriches presented by the Hon. H. C. Vivian, a Sumatran Rhinoceros, and a Bird of Paradise.

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1878.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

We congratulate the R.A.'s upon having secured for their president a most accomplished gentleman who is universally respected, and an artist learned in all the mysteries of his craft. Mr. Frederick Leighton is in every way worthy of the high honour he has happily accepted. It is an election in which all will find delight and satisfaction, whether they stand proudly well within the mysterious boundaries of that awe-inspiring realm Society, or delight in the Bohemianism of the studios. There is no quarrelling with such a choice.

On another page we print a letter from Mr. Sidney Grundy, full of indignation and hasty wrath, in which a pelting shower of hard words drives full at the head of the Lord Chamberlain, for whom this may be said by

those who, like ourselves, have not seen the comedy in question. If Mr. Grundy discovered no reason for excluding from print certain passages which we were bound to erase from his wild Quixotic epistle, but which have since appeared in a contemporary, it is possible he saw no reason for excluding kindred passages from the little comedy he adapted from an admittedly obscene French play. It is probable, therefore, that if Mr. Grundy had no reason for complaining of the Lord Chamberlain's decision, Mrs. Grundy might have had some good reason for complaining of Mr. Grundy.

A CORRESPONDENT, who regards the proposed inscriptions for the "Needle" with disfavour, as wanting in simplicity and directness, suggests the following stanza:—

"This ere stone, as some suppose,
Was looked at by the prophet Moses,
Likewise Egyptians, Greeks, and Turks,
And erected here by the Board of Works."

We fear his suggestion comes too late.

At the Green Room Club on Wednesday the unpleasant rumours which have been floating about concerning it were formally dealt with at a special general meeting, and pronounced all but baseless, and quite unjustifiable. By-the-bye, it was then also resolved that the club shall be closed on Sundays, and that no more than thirty new members shall be added to its present number.

THE sudden death of Miss Amy Sheridan, announced in another column, has originated some melancholy rumours to the effect that it was really due to the shock she received from reading in the newspapers some coarse and merciless comments gratuitously made upon her character by certain legal luminaries in connection with a recent law case. Alas! alas!

LEST you should allow your gun to go off unexpectedly, we repeat the warning of a contemporary, whose correspondent writes:—"Whilst I was away last week, a man, professing to come from my gunmaker, called four times at my lodgings for my gun. Luckily my servant had a head on his shoulders, and refused to give it up without authority from me. When I came home I thought that I would ask my gunmaker what he wanted the weapon for, and I found that he knew nothing of the matter. No doubt my friend is now trying his luck elsewhere, and therefore I think that a word of caution in your journal might, perhaps, prove useful."

WHEN the Lord Mayor's Show is not a show why should, it be allowed to block up our thoroughfares, and interfere with the vast interests of trade and traffic in the London streets?

THE "property man" of a country theatre is usually not a man of property, but an over-worked clever "all-round" poor man, who can do a little modelling, a little painting, a little carpentry, a little cabinet and upholstery work, a little gilding, and a little of heaven knows how many other arts. But there is one thing he usually is not. He is not scientific. A local contemporary says:—"At the Dundee Theatre on Sunday afternoon—even in Scotland you see the Sabbath is to him no day of rest—the 'property man' was killed instantaneously through an explosion, while preparing some chemicals for the Monday night's performance." Theatrical managers who are introducing the various scientific appliances for producing theatrical effects should read this lesson aright, and employ with scientific apparatus and chemicals scientific operators who understand them, not "a little," but thoroughly. If they do not, the instantaneous deaths of poor "property men" may become quite a common occurrence.

ONCE upon a time, yet recently, outside the pit entrance of the Lyceum Theatre, two remarkable groups had gathered. One of lank wiry youths, careless in attire, but with a world of solemn importance in their grave poetic aspects. The other of ladies, quaint, and somewhat untidy in dress, but placid in sweet contentment, and pensively conscious of intellectual superiority. The first, guarding the latter from the pressure of a vulgar, unholy crowd, stood outside, holding their vasty souls in patience until the doors were opened. When the audience assembled they saw these gaunt, grave, pensively superior groups occupying the two front rows of the pit, and, as before, the ladies were in front. Many wondered who they were, and when Mr. Irving appeared upon the stage, and with one quick impulse they all rose at him, radiant with delight and frantic with applause, he wondered too. But not for long. A letter at the close of that performance informed him that they were art students with a mission—a mission so high that it is invisible to most folks, who see in their productions only weird and ghastly grave gaunt figures of determined straightness and extraordinary length, or landscapes such as vulgar Nature knows not of, things of mist and mystery merely. The letter, moreover, informed him that they were there to do him honour, and him alone! Moved to the inmost depths of his gratified vanity, Irving took up his pen and wrote gushingly, thanked them, and added that he had but one request to make:—Let them only tell him when they'd come again, that consciousness of their presence in those front rows might stimulate his genius to soar to heights even more lofty and resplendent than those with which he favoured such inferior people as were represented by the ordinary public. The art students are going again, to see *Hamlet*.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY, 1878.

By a Poet of Westminster Hall,

Remember, remember the 9th of November,
Real turtle, and venison, and tarts,
With a gorgeous procession,
In civic succession,
From Bennett to Charley Roberts!

ROUND ROBIN.

FUNERAL OF MR. PHELPS.

THE remains of the late Mr. Samuel Phelps were on Wednesday last deposited in the old or upper portion of the beautiful grounds of the Cemetery at Highgate, in the grave in which the wife of this distinguished actor was buried nine years ago. Mr. Phelps died on the 6th inst., at his country lodgings at Cooper's Hall, about a mile from Epping; but the body had been privately removed to his residence in the Camden-road, whence the procession started soon after noon. The funeral was of an unostentatious character, the hearse, drawn by four horses, being followed by five carriages, in the first of which was the late Mr. Phelps's brother, the Rev. Robert Phelps, D.D., Master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, Mr. E. M. Phelps, Mr. W. M. Phelps, and Mr. Edmund Phelps, the grandson of the deceased. In the other carriages were Mr. W. H. Goodsir, Mr. W. Goodsir, jun., Mr. G. H. Haydon, Mr. James Gurney, Mr. H. P. Windham, Mr. Charles Phelps, Dr. Delacour, Mr. Thomas Underwood, Mr. Forbes Robertson, sen., and Mr. E. D. Davis. Some private broughams, in which were Mr. Alfred Waterlow, Mr. Latreille, and other gentlemen, also followed. The day was cold and bleak, and rain, which had begun to fall soon after the procession left the house, continued throughout the afternoon; but numerous spectators gathered along the route, and it was observed that shops were partially closed, and blinds of private houses drawn. At the gates of the cemetery, in the narrow lane leading to the top of Highgate-hill, a large concourse of persons had been gathering for some time previously; and as the hearse entered the grounds the assembled multitude, with scarcely an exception, uncovered in token of respect for the dead. The funeral was remarkable for the number and beauty of the floral wreaths which had been brought or forwarded by professional brethren and friends and admirers of the deceased, some being borne by the mourners, while others, placed upon the coffin, were seen as the remains were being conveyed into the chapel. The coffin, which was of plain oak, with black mediaeval ornaments, bore the simple inscription:—"Samuel Phelps, born February 13, 1804; died November 6, 1878." Among the few who heard the funeral service read by the Rev. Mr. Scholefield in the small chapel, was Mr. Henry Marston who was so long associated with Mr. Phelps in his memorable enterprise at Sadler's Wells, and Mr. James Bennett, another well-known performer in Mr. Phelps's Shakespeare revivals. Mr. Phelps's old partner, Mr. Greenwood, though now past the age of fourscore years, was present, and Mr. Fenton, who in the old days, before he won renown as a scenic artist, sustained the minor humorous parts in the Shakespeare performances at Islington; together with Mr. Villiers and Mr. Morelli, who have also honourable associations with that famous effort to uphold the cause of the poetical drama in evil days. But time has made gaps in the ranks of that band which Mr. Phelps gathered about him, and inspired with his zeal and reverence for the great dramatists of the past; and years far less than those of the old associates of the deceased actor who had gathered on Wednesday round his last resting-place might well excuse, in weather so inclement, the absence of some who are still among us. Of the later generation of performers, however, there were many among those who had made their way up between slippery paths and the gravestones which lie in this part of the cemetery. There were Mrs. Mellon (well remembered as Miss Woolgar by old frequenters of the Adelphi), Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Thorne, Mr. David James, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. H. Villiers, Mr. Swinbourne, Mr. Forrester, Mr. Archer, Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. Walter Joyce, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Henry Kendal, Miss Goodall, Mr. Harry Cox, Mr. Rayner, Mr. Forbes Robertson, jun., Mr. Conway, Mr. John Clayton, Mr. Horace Wigan, Mr. Clynd, Mr. Terrott, Mr. Furtado, Mr. Lauri, Mr. Butterfield, Mr. McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Barnard, Mr. M. Stretch, Mr. Henry Sampson, Mr. Jonas Levy, Mr. Frederick Villiers, Mr. Charles Milward, Miss Helen Barry, Mr. David Fisher, Mr. Isaacson, Mr. Dillon Coker, Mr. R. H. Horne, Mr. Fred. Hughes, Mr. T. F. Britton, and numerous other ladies and gentlemen. The service at the grave was read by the chaplain who had previously officiated in the chapel. After the departure of the mourners, many visitors remained to cast a last look upon the coffin on which the wreaths of flowers had been laid in such profusion; and the funeral carriages had left the gates some time before the crowd gradually dispersed and the grounds regained their ordinary appearance.

On Saturday *Belphegor* is to be played at Drury Lane, with Mr. Dillon as the Mountebank. His success in the same part some twenty-two years back at the Lyceum is still remembered.

A new drama in one act, entitled *An Honest Man*, by Mr. Henry Pettitt, will be played at the Surrey Theatre, for which it was specially written, on Saturday night next. Mr. J. A. Arnold, Mr. Arthur Williams, Mr. Harry Taylor, and Miss Kate Carlyon will sustain leading parts.

The Princess's Theatre will close from November 19th to November 29th in order to give time and space for the rehearsals of the new drama by Messrs. Albery and Hatton, which will be produced on the 30th inst. A strong company has been collected, including the names of Misses Emily Fowler, Rose Behrens, and Maria Daly, Messrs. Charles Warner, J. H. Barnes, W. Redmond, Alfred Nelson, G. Hargreaves, De Belville, &c.

A new humorous song, the words by Mr. Hamilton Clark and the music by Mr. Odell, is shortly to be published. It is called "The Queer Cuirassier." Mr. Odell, although we see him too seldom on the stage, is evidently by no means idle.

Mr. Hamilton Clark, we are exceedingly glad to learn, has been engaged by Mr. Irving as musical conductor at the Lyceum, and will compose entirely new music for *Hamlet*. This is a case of the right man in the right place. Mr. Clark, a talented disciple of Gounod, is in style and feeling eminently in accord with the spirit of a metaphysical play like *Hamlet*.

THE Right Hon. John Bright has just sent to Dr. Collis, of Shottery Hall, a splendid specimen of Scotch salmon, taken with his own rod near the junction of the Treviot and the Tweed. It weighed over 22lb, 6lb more than the fish the capture of which by the right hon. gentleman was lately recorded in the papers.

TRURO has narrowly escaped being the scene of a tragedy such as that at the Liverpool Colosseum. A concert with 400 performers, was given in aid of the new cathedral. The market had been adapted for a concert hall, and 3,000 persons assembled. During the performance a portion of the decorations near the roof caught fire, and blazed in full view of the audience. It was quite an open question whether it would burn itself out or ignite the roof. The audience shrieked, and were about to rush out panic-stricken, when timely reassuring words from the platform restored comparative calmness, and soon all danger ceased.

THE further hearing of the charges preferred against Mr. John Evans, solicitor, and Mr. John Baum, late lessee of Cremorne Gardens, for conspiracy and forgery, was resumed before Mr. Hosack.—Mr. Besley prosecuted; Mr. Poland defended Evans; Mr. Montagu Williams represented various creditors of Baum's; and Mr. Nicholson watched the case on behalf of Baum's trustees; Mr. G. Mayor Cooke, solicitor, defended Baum.—The evidence having been heard the case was adjourned until this day, Saturday, the defendants again being liberated on their own recognisances.

HOW WILD-FOWL COME TO MARKET.

By "WILD FOWLER."

No. 6.—DECOYING INTO THE "PIPES."

THE man who invented decoying into "pipes" was certainly no fool.

This is an axiom, the truth of which I will try to render apparent by my description of the "dodge."

Three weaknesses of the ducks, teal, and widgeon in this affair are played upon and trifled with by the decoymen. Firstly, the unconquerable curiosity of the fowl, and their hatred of foxes (or anything resembling foxes); secondly, their love of, and (misplaced) confidence in, their own species; thirdly, their greediness for food. Now, some men can always, and at all times, "liquor up." Ducks do not make such a practice of drinking—probably because there are no bars where duck drinks are manufactured by cunning barmaids—but they make up for it by their immoderate love of eating. Ducks can always eat. Where they stow it all away is a matter of much doubtful speculation, but that they do swallow an absolutely extravagant lot of food is a fact. Give a sackful of oats to a duck and he will eat the lot, and look for more. This is well known, and hence the decoyer acts partly upon his stomach to allure him. Then, just as in a gambling "hell," there are well-dressed (male and female) confederates acting the part of decoys to the unwary, well-to-do men about town, so, in a decoy, well-trained tame fowl, by their trustful appearance and confiding actions, inspire confidence to the wild birds, who forthwith join them. As regards the fowl's curiosity, like mother Eve's, they are induced to exercise it very injudiciously, as my narrative will show.

But let me describe succinctly the setting and working of a decoy. The first thing to be done is to choose a likely spot, in a retired and lonely district, where fowl will love to congregate. The pond being found, four, five, six, or more curved "pipes" (to suit all winds), are forthwith prepared. These are simply ditches, branching off in various directions, and covered over with netting. These ditches technically are called working pipes. They end in a tapering *cul-de-sac* netting, which can be bodily removed from the pipe when a catch has been secured, and the fowls' necks are then twisted.

Now the question is, how to induce the fowl which may be on the open to enter these pipes. This is done by the aid of the "piper," some grain strewn on the water, and the decoy-birds. The latter, by their presence about the pond, attract the fowl and inspire them with a confidence in the place which they otherwise might not feel inclined to entertain. The grain, of course, appeals to the wild birds' stomachs; and, like upon all hungry stomachs, food does tell. The next attraction is "the piper." The piper is a small dog, yellowish in coat, and chosen as much as possible to resemble a fox. Now, in nature, whenever wild-fowl when basking, for instance, on a pond, perceive a fox prowling about on the banks they invariably make towards it, whether through curiosity, love, or hatred, or all combined, is a question which will probably for ever remain a disputed point; but I opine for the latter. The birds recognise their natural enemy, and with a strange and unconquerable fatuity they follow his movements. They do not go near enough to fall a prey to him, but they follow him about at a distance, as though keeping watch on his movements, so as to make sure that he will not get in hiding and make an onslaught upon them when they are "banked," i.e., when basking on the banks of the pond, at which times they would fall an easy prey to his cunning.

Well, then, this propensity of the fowl to follow the fox's evolutions, are taken advantage of by man, who, choosing a dog resembling a fox, and teaching him to perform sundry evolutions at the mouth of, and along the pipe, entices the fowl to follow him there, and when they are far enough up the pipe, the fowler shows himself at the mouth of the tunnel, the fowl, in affright, rush up into the *cul-de-sac*, and there they are taken in hand one by one and killed.

This will explain roughly the *modus operandi*, but a description of an actual "take" in a decoy will, perhaps, prove more interesting.

It is now nearly twenty years ago since I went for the first time on such an expedition. As it was my first introduction into a decoy at all, the whole of the affair appeared then to me but very little short of miraculous in its extraordinary working.

It was on a very cold, frosty, December afternoon. I had come by appointment, to meet the decoyman at his cottage, and when I had reached his house the good wife told me that he was at the decoy, but would be back in a few minutes, and would I be pleased to take a seat, &c. A quarter of an hour later, the fowler and his son, a lad of some fifteen summers, appeared, and a little dog frisking about them was introduced to me. This dog was the "piper," and his name was "Piper." Of course, the man greatly praised his pet, and the tales I heard there and then of his cleverness set my mouth watering, so much did I long to see him at work.

"I need not impress upon you, sir, that you will have to be perfectly silent," said the fowler, as we prepared for a start.

"Oh, you may depend upon me," said I.

"Mind, no coughing, no sneezing, no talking, not even a whisper."

"All right, I shall be as dumb as a fish."

"For you see, sir, the slightest noise would drive all the birds away, and I would lose my catch, and perhaps it would be weeks before the fowl would come again to the pond. When once they are frightened away, it takes a good deal to attract them again, if ever."

"I will take care not to disturb you or the fowl in any way. In fact I shall remain perfectly passive, like a log of wood."

"Right you are, sir. Well now, John" (to his son), "bring up the peat brand for this gentleman, and we will go at once. There is a rare lot of birds in the decoy, now. But, perhaps, you would not mind putting on some clothes of mine?" added the old man, "it would be safer."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because the birds do scent strangers so," replied he. "Yes, it would be safer."

Well, of course, I did not mind, and behold me, then, two or three minutes later, with a suit a great deal too large for me, walking down a grassy lane, along, and under the low covert. Presently, I hear the quack! quack! of the fowl, and a few minutes' walk brings us to the top of the pipe, along which stand the two sets of screens. We get behind the outer screen, and treading gently, and with the utmost caution, we finally reach the last mouth screen, behind which the boysquats himself. The decoyman then takes me to the bottom screen, shows me a peg stuck therein, and in impressive pantomime, bids me to pull it out, and to look through. I do so, glueing my eye to the hole, and oh! Moses! what a sight!!! I was so taken aback that for two pins I would have jumped up and shouted for joy. About two hundred fowl were on the pond, and a couple of score were basking on the bank, some of the latter actually fast asleep with their heads under their wings! How peaceful they all looked!

The decoyman hardly smiled. He was evidently in dread lest he should miss his operations, so he signed to me to be still and to remain where I was.

(To be continued.)



AS TIMON OF ATHENS



AS DR. CANTWELL



AS FALSTAFF



AS WOLSEY



AS KING LEAR



AS SIR PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT



AS HAMLET



AS BOTTOM



AS SHYLOCK



AS RICHELIEU



AS MACBETH

Sketches
Nov 1878

THE LATE MR. PHELPS.

A BACKWARD GLANCE.

WHILE the loss of a great actor of a departing school is yet heavy upon us, we look back with tender feelings of regard to all he achieved for our improvement and delight. The young playgoers of to-day, with their leaning towards the new school of acting—so called, for it is, in fact, but a revival of a very old one—know but little of all the late Mr. Phelps has done for the purification and elevation of the drama—are, indeed, rather inclined to pooh-pooh the claims made in his honoured name; and even their elders may by this time have forgotten the glories of his prime. Therefore has it occurred to us that the reprinting of portions of an article on "Shakspeare and Newgate," in *Household Words* of October 4th, 1851, would be a timely and grateful thing to do. Trusting that our readers will for the most part agree with us, here it is, necessarily in an abbreviated form:—

"Amongst other good places of sound rational amusement, we hold that a well-conducted theatre is a good place in which to learn good things. And we wish to show what an intelligent and resolute man may do to establish a good theatre in a most unpromising soil, and to reclaim one of the lowest of all possible audiences. Seven or eight years ago Sadler's Wells Theatre, in London, was in the condition of being entirely delivered over to as ruffianly an audience as London could shake together. Without, the theatre by night was like the worst of the worst kind of fair in the worst kind of town. Within, it was a bear-garden, resounding with foul language, oaths, catcalls, shrieks, yells, blasphemy, obscenity—a truly diabolical clamour. Fights took place anywhere, at any period of the performance. The audience were of course directly addressed in the entertainments. An improving melodrama, called *Barrington the Pickpocket*, being then extremely popular at another similar theatre, a powerful counter-attraction, happily entitled *Jack Ketch*, was produced here, and received with great approbation. It was in the contemplation of the management to add the physical stimulus of a pint of porter to the moral refreshments offered to every purchaser of a pit ticket, when the management collapsed and the theatre shut up.

"At this crisis of the career of Mr. Ketch and his pupils, Mr. Phelps, a gentleman then favourably known to the London public as a tragic actor, first at the Haymarket Theatre, under the management of Mr. Webster, and afterwards at the two great theatres of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, when Mr. Macready made them a source of intellectual delight to the whole town (persons of fashion excepted), conceived the desperate idea of changing the character of the dramatic entertainments presented at this den, from the lowest to the highest, and of utterly changing with it the character of the audience. Associating with himself, in this perilous enterprise, two partners—of whom one (for a time) was Mrs. Warner, a lady of considerable reputation on the stage; the other, Mr. Greenwood, a 'gentleman of business knowledge and habits'—he took the theatre and went to work.

"On the opening night the scene of Mr. Ketch's triumphs—which may be presumed not to have been confined to that small sphere, but to have extended, in the glory of his pupils, beyond the height of the Old Bailey to the harbour of Norfolk Island—was densely crammed with the old stock. The play was *Macbeth*. It was performed amidst the usual hideous medley of fights, foul language, catcalls, shrieks, yells, oaths, blasphemy, obscenity, apples, oranges, nuts, biscuits, ginger-beer, porter, and pipes; not that there was any particular objection to the play, but that the audience were, on the whole, in a condition of mind generally requiring such utterances. Pipes of all lengths were at work in the gallery; several were displayed in the pit. Cans of beer, each with a pint measure; to drink from (for the convenience of gentlemen who had neglected the precaution of bringing their own pots in their bundles), were carried through the dense crowd at all stages of the tragedy. Sickly children in arms were squeezed out of shape in all parts of the house. Fish was fried at the entrance-doors. Barri-cades of oyster-shells encumbered the pavement. Expectant half-price visitors to the gallery howled defiant impatience up the stairs, and danced a sort of Carmagnole all round the building.

"It being evident either that the attempt to humanise the place must be abandoned or this uproar quelled; that Mr. Ketch's disciples must have their way or the manager his; the manager made vigorous efforts for the victory. The friers of fish, vendors of oysters, and other costermonger-scum accumulated round the doors were first removed. Of course they claimed to have (as every public abuse in England does) a vested right in their wrong-doing. They resisted with all their might, and asserted that they were legally privileged by the New River Company. The inexorable manager, taking all risks upon himself, dislodged them nevertheless, by the aid of the police, and persisted night after night. The noisysellers of beer inside the theatre were next to be removed. They resisted too, and offered a large weekly consideration 'for leave to sell and call.' The management was obdurate, and rooted them out. Children in arms were next

to be expelled. Orders were given to the moneytakers to refuse them admission; but these were found extremely difficult to be enforced, as the women smuggled babies in under their shawls and aprons, and even rolled them up to look like cloaks. A little experience of such artifices led to their detection at the doors; and the play soon began to go on, without the shrill interruptions consequent on the unrolling of dozens of these unfortunate

MR. PHELPS



AS BERTUCCIO IN 'THE FOOL'S REVENGE.'

little mummies every night. But the most intolerable defilement of the place remained. The outrageous language was unchecked; and while that lasted, any effectual purification of the audience and establishment of decency was impossible. Mr. Phelps, not to be diverted from his object, routed out an old Act of Parliament, in which there was a clause visiting the use of bad language in any public place with a certain fine, on proving the offence before a magistrate. This clause he caused to be printed in great placards, and posted up in various conspicuous parts of the theatre. He also had it printed in small handbills. To every person

who went into the gallery, one of these handbills was given with his pass-ticket. He was seriously warned that the Act would be enforced, and it was enforced with such rigour that on several occasions Mr. Phelps stopped the play to have an offender removed; on other occasions went into the gallery, with a cloak over his theatrical dress, to point out some other offender who had escaped the vigilance of the police; on all occasions kept his purpose and his inflexible determination steadily to carry it out before the vagabonds with whom he had to deal; on no occasion showed them fear or favour. Within a month the Jack Ketch party, thoroughly disheartened and amazed, gave in; and not an interruption was heard from the beginning to the end of a five-act tragedy.

"The manager having now established order and silence, proceeded with his purpose of establishing a home for the high drama at Sadler's Wells. In his first season he presented Shakspeare's plays of *Hamlet*, *King John*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Othello*, and *Richard the Third*—in all 106 nights. Besides which, he further produced, as imperfect substitutes for Jack Ketch, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Sheridan, Holcroft, Byron, Bulwer, and Knowles.

"In his second season, besides producing three original plays, he presented *The Winter's Tale*, forty-five nights. In the successive seasons between that time and the present, he has produced other original tragedies, and has many times performed *The Tempest*, *Macbeth*, without the music, as originally written, *Coriolanus*, *Cymbeline*, *Julius Caesar*, *Henry the Eighth*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and Mr. Horne's reconstruction of *The Duchess of Malfi*. In the spring of the present year we had the means of knowing that Mr. Phelps had acted Shakspeare at Sadler's Wells 1,000 nights.

"It is to be observed that these plays have not been droned through in the old jog-trot, dreary, matter-of-course manner, but have been presented with the utmost care, with great intelligence, with an evidently sincere desire to understand and illustrate the beauties of the poem. The smallest character has been respectfully approached and studied; the smallest accessory has been well considered; every artist in his degree has been taught to adapt his part, in the complete effect, to all the other parts, uniting to make up the whole. The outlay has been very great; but, always having had a sensible purpose and a plain reason, has never missed its mark. The illusion of the scene has invariably been contrived in a most striking, picturesque, and ingenious manner. A completeness has been attained which at twenty times the cost would never have been bought if Mr. Phelps were not a gentleman in spirit, and an accomplished and devoted student of this art.

"The management and audience have reacted on each other, sensible of the pains bestowed on everything presented to them; the audience have desired to show their appreciation of such care, and have studied the plays from books, and have really come to the theatre for their intellectual profit. We question whether a more sensible audience for a good play could be found anywhere than is to be found at Sadler's Wells. The management, on the other hand, constantly addressing itself to the improved taste it has bred, is constantly impelled to advance."

PRESENTATION TO GEORGE FORDHAM.

This handsome piece of plate, of which we give an illustration, was presented to George Fordham upon the occasion of the first race meeting at Kempton Park in July. A sum of £50 was raised, and for this amount Messrs. J. Hall and Co., of King-street, Manchester, have made a very handsome double-handled cup, the width of the bowl of which is 14in. It stands 13in. without the pedestal, which is 8in. in height. The following inscription is upon the piece of plate:—
"Presented to Mr. George Fordham, by the Kempton Park Race-course Company and a few friends, in testimony to his skill as a horseman and his integrity as a citizen. This piece of plate is also intended to commemorate G. Fordham's victory on Mr. F. Gretton's Dunkenny, for the Inauguration Plate, at the first Kempton Park meeting, July 18, 1878."

THE opening concert of the Hampstead Working Men's Club took place recently, and introduced some very good singing and high-class music. The proceedings commenced with a parson, "The Dawn of Day." The other part songs and glees during the evening included "The Winds Whistle Cold," "I Met Her in the Quiet Lane," "O, Hush Thee, My Baby," "Mynheer van Dunca," &c., all of which were very well sung, due attention being given to expression. Mr. Fell sang "The Bay of Biscay"; Miss Vincent, who was in fine voice, sang "Bid me Discourse," and, as a re-demand, "Never Again"; Miss Vincent also sang with Mr. Snow in the duets, "Tell Me, Gentle Stranger," and "A.B.C."; Mr. McDonnell sang "Good-bye, Sweetheart" and "Tom Bowling" very creditably. Mr. Snow, who has a powerful voice, sang "Simon the Cellarer," "Dame Margery," &c. The principal feature in the evening's entertainment was the pianoforte performances of Mr. J. Carrisbrooke Merrick and Miss Merrick in the overture, *Le Cheval de Bronze*.



THE LATE MR. SAMUEL PHELPS.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

The *New York World* gives the following account of the production of *Il Trovatore* by the Mapleson Opera Company:—

DRURY LANE.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

AQUARIUM THEATRE.

NEW GAIETY RESTAURANT.

We are glad to hear that Gilbert's *Wedding March* (*La Chasseurs de Puille d'Italie*) will be shortly revived at the Folly Theatre. It is, in our opinion, for sheer abandonment to fun, the best thing its author has written.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

ALTHOUGH the past cricket season opened under most unfavourable circumstances as regards the weather, it has been a most eventful one. Many who never before took any interest in the game have been stirred up by the sensational visit of the Antipodean team to visit a cricket ground for the first time, and have come away with the feeling that they have been, up to the time, losing one of the greatest treats of the period.

With the limited amount of space allotted to me, it is impossible for me to indulge in a lengthy retrospect, but during the next month I shall weekly discuss the leading features of the season's cricket.

First on my list comes the opening match at Lord's, M.C.C. and Ground v. Twenty-Two Colts of England. Some discontent was shown, and in my opinion justly, over the selection of the neophytes, Notts and Yorks being much too favoured, whilst why Derbyshire, Hampshire, and Surrey were left quite out in the cold I for one cannot discover. Both Tester, of Sussex, and H. Wood, of Kent, came well out of the ordeal, as they played careful cricket to the bowling of A. Shaw, Mycroft, and Mr. W. G. Grace; but, taken collectively, the Twenty-two were a sorry lot. Brown, of Bedfordshire, bowled best of any; but he was far from taking to the eye, although he proved very effective.

Cambridge University opened the season with their usual match against what is described as an All England Eleven. The latter looked all over winners at the end of the first innings, as, with a total of 193, they were 90 to the good; but the Cantabs, pulling themselves together, played havoc with the bowling of Messrs. Gilbert and W. G. Grace and Midwinter and Mycroft, the Hon. E. Lyttelton alone being answerable for a well-played 66, the A.E.E. being eventually defeated by 79 runs. In this match Mr. A. G. Steel, who had come from Marlborough with an astounding reputation, made his *début* in public, and a very good one it was. He did not score the first innings, but in the second he put together 46 by good cricket. However, it was in the bowling that he did such yeoman service for his side, as, although he was punished a deal in the first, he came off well in the second, securing four wickets for 23 runs.

M.C.C. and Ground v. All England was but a poor display, although the contest was a close one, ending in favour of the latter. It was productive of a curiosity, however, as Watson, who in the first innings could never get the leather past the batsmen, came out wonderfully in the second, his analysis being twenty-three overs, ten runs, and five wickets. I must not forget a word for Emmett's batting.

A more wretched team than that which M.C.C. sent down to play the first of their annual matches against Cambridge could not have been got together. Shaw and Morley went to bowl, but the batsmen were about as weak a lot, if I except Wild, as could have been got together, and this in the face of what it was known they would have to meet. Mr. A. G. Steel was in good form with the ball, and he was credited with ten wickets for 44 runs, Flowers, of Nottingham, being the only one of the M.C.C. lot who could obtain double figures in both innings. Messrs. Ford, Morton, and Wood also bowled well, and I need say no more of the match than that the 'Varsity won by an innings and 33 runs.

How the Australians, when scarcely recovered from their journey across the briny, within eight days of their arrival, met, and were defeated by the Notts Eleven at the world-famed Trent Bridge grounds, next remains to be told. Having won the toss, the strangers went in first, but they seemed nervous, and 66 was the poor result of their combined efforts, out of which Midwinter made 13, and Garrett 20. When Allan, the left-handed medium paced bowler, had settled the pretensions of Daft, Osocroft, and Shrewsbury for a sum total of 17 runs, people began to open their eyes, but Selby, by some splendid cricket, obtained 66 runs, and by this means the full score reached the respectable dimensions of 153 when the last wicket fell. In their second innings the colonialists did but little better than before, yet this portion of the match will always be interesting to the true lover of the game, owing to the marvellously patient play of Midwinter, who went in first, and carried his bat out for 16 out of the 76 obtained by the eleven. I may be wrong, but I think his performance on the third day of remaining at the wicket, *an hour and twenty-five minutes for three runs*, is without parallel. If I am in error, I hope some kind reader will point it out. Much surprise was expressed that the now well-known "demon bowler" Spofforth did not come off better, but the wicket was unfavourable, and in a four aside single wicket match, added as a "fill gap" to the programme, he warmed the Notts quartette up pretty considerably. A warning note from the editorial chair compels me to stop here.

We have had such a surfeit of athletics at the two Universities that it will be perfectly impossible for me to discuss them *seriatim*. Exeter College Sports, on Wednesday and Thursday in last week, were as successful as they always are, and in A. L. Fellowes, a Freshman, from Marlborough, they possess an athlete of no mean order, and I shall be greatly surprised if he does not secure his "blue" next spring. He won the 100 Yards Race in 10 2-5sec, the 200 in 21 3-5sec, the wide jump, and the 120 Yards Hurdle in 19 1-5sec. Of course, the principal event was the 'Strangers' Half-Mile Race. Preferring quality rather than quantity at this meeting, a level race is always given, and upon the present occasion H. H. Sturt (London A. C.), A. F. Hills (University College), A. H. Jones (Jesus), and R. H. Todd (Hertford) came to the post, and they finished in the order given, the Londoner winning easily by five yards, in 2min 4 4-5sec.

Oriel held possession of the ground on Friday and Saturday. C. W. Kempe showed very fair form, winning the Wide Jump at 2ft 4 1-2in, although penalised 2ft; the Hundred Yards, with a penalty of 2 1-2 yards, in 11 1-5sec; was second to H. W. Macaulay in the High Jump, and from scratch ran up to R. Warner, 10 yards start, in the 120 Yards Handicap. Macaulay won the High Jump, at 5ft 5in; was second for the sister competition; won the 600 Yards Handicap, from scratch; and the level Quarter, in canter. A. H. Evans landed both the Half Mile and One Mile Races without having to extend himself, and F. G. Burdon won the Freshmen's 200 Yards Race. The Strangers' Race (a 300 Yards Handicap) secured a big entry. W. Packford, of St. Albans Hall, 10 yards start, won in a common trot. Time, 31 3-5sec.

Magdalen held their two days' meeting on Monday and Tuesday, but nothing calling for special notice took place, J. H. T. Wharton being the most successful competitor. The open event was a Quarter of a Mile Handicap, and J. H. Jackson, of Lincoln, 24 yards start, won anyhow.

Christ Church also held their sports on Monday and Tuesday, but, as usual, in their own cricket ground, which adjoins the 'Varsity enclosure. As the performances were done on a grass course, and of only a mediocre character—in fact, the majority of the club only go in for athletics because it is "the thing, you know"—I don't think I need notice them more than to state that the Strangers' Race, which used to be half a mile, was altered to a 120 Yards Hurdle Handicap, and that S. F. Jackson, of St. John's, was first, from scratch; C. M. Kemp, Oriel, 1 yard, second; and J. A. L. Fellowes, the Exeter Freshman, 10 yards start, third. Time given as 15 4-5sec.

As I am writing the Oxford Freshman's Sports are being decided,

so that I must leave over my remarks until next week. On the opening day, G. P. C. Laurence won the High Jump with the fair leap of 5ft 5in, and A. H. Jones, of Jesus, won the Mile with ridiculous ease in 4min 47 2-5sec. A 150 Yards Handicap open to the rest of the University fell to Hon. W. N. Bruce, of Balliol, 3 1-2yds start. C. A. W. Gilbert, of Jesus, ranks as a freshman, so he ought to win all he goes for unless there is a very hot "dark 'un."

Whilst discussing Oxford athletics, I have to thank Mr. H. T. Eve, of Exeter College, for forwarding me the first issue of "The Oxford University Athletic Record." The compiler is thoroughly up in the subject, and as he inserts his own times instead of those which too frequently appear in the sporting papers, they may be relied upon. By this work a great want has been supplied; it contains a full return of the various terminal sports, with the addition of tabulated scales of the best performances on record, past inter-University competitions, &c., and is in every way a most invaluable book. As the second number will be out in January, I may be excused if I advise the editor to append a few notes on training. At the Universities these are much wanted.

At Cambridge, on Thursday last, Sidney Sussex set the ball rolling for the College meetings. The various events did not bring forth any noteworthy feature, the prizes being evenly divided, no one securing two first. R. B. M. Cancellor, of Caius, was allowed the absurd start of 180 yards in the Strangers' Mile Handicap, and he won by twenty yards from 29 others, in 4min 28 1-5sec. What a nice chance a scratch has at that rate!

Emmanuel held possession of Fenner's on Friday and Saturday. R. S. Jones won the Hundred in a canter, time 11sec; and the 120 Yards Handicap from scratch in 12 4-5sec; whilst the Freshmen's 200 Yards Race proved but a mere canter for T. R. Kneele. Nothing else above school-boy form was shown in the members' events. The Strangers' Quarter of a Mile Handicap, however, made up for the mediocrity shown in the other events. Seven started in the final heat, and H. P. Hodson, of Magdalene, 26 yards start, won after a splendid race by four yards from the scratch man, W. H. Churchill, of Jesus. The time given officially was 50 1-5sec. I know the official clocker, and he can hold a watch, but as I was not present this is the only comment I am entitled to make.

Clare College Sports were held on Monday and Tuesday, when the feature of the meeting was the Strangers' 150 Yards Handicap. No fewer than 46 competed, and after a magnificent finish E. Mawdesley, Trinity Hall, 9 yards start, just won on the post by a few inches from G. Evans, of the same society, 13 yards; D. Tata, of Caius, 11 yards, close up, third; time, 15 1-5sec. The majority of the other metropolitan packs were engaged in runs, but as they were not competitions, I cannot find space for them this week.

A seven miles walking handicap took place on Saturday last at the Alexandra Palace, in connection with the North London A.C. Eleven started, and R. Thurbon, 4 min 25 sec, proved the winner in 62 min 30 sec; C. Tabernacle, 5 min, second; and G. Thomas, 5 min 45 sec, third. A. W. Sinclair, the scratch man, did not get placed.

St. John's sports were held on Wednesday and Thursday. T. E. Forster won the quarter, B. Jones the mile, E. Brook Smith putting the weight at 31 ft 1 in, E. J. Wild the hurdles, and F. C. Hill the high jump, on the first day, when several trial heats were also decided. The second day's results have not reached me at the time of going to press.

As usual, the cross-country packs were out in force last Saturday. First and foremost on the list comes that indefatigable club, the Clapton Beagles, who were engaged with the race for the Members' Ten Mile Challenge Cup. I, unfortunately, was absent, through a prior engagement; but a friend supplies me with the following facts:—"Although a fair field turned out, and made a good race whilst the daylight lasted, the trophy is still in abeyance, the fog arising from the river precluding the runners from following the trail to the finish:—G. F. Shepherd, last year's five miles challenge cup holder; H. S. Price-Warlters, twenty-six miles challenge holder; G. Pescod, Harwood, Davies, H. Townsend, P. H. Binns, C. H. Atkin, and J. E. Warlters were the competitors. The start was effected at 4.22, H. S. Price-Warlters immediately taking the lead, Pescod second, Townsend, Davies, J. E. Warlters, Atkin, and Bions following in the order named as far as Lea Bridge, where Pescod's shoe came off, and he was left in the rear, H. S. Price-Warlters still maintaining the lead, with the others in much the same order as far as Higham Hill, where Pescod, who had been gradually drawing up, took the lead. No further alteration of any consequence took place, except that Townsend ran into third place. Shortly after reaching the dip in Lea Bridge-road the trail was lost, and the race became void." I hear arrangements are being made to run the race at Lillie Bridge.

J. E. Warburton, of Blackburn, and C. Davies, of Chester, run four miles for a £50 cup, Davies to receive fifty yards' start, on Saturday, Nov. 23; the *Sporting Life* to appoint the referee. The men to be on the mark at half-past three p.m. *Verb. sap.* Amateur very much like "pro," especially "pro."

Eton College Sports were decided on Tuesday and Wednesday. Hon. M. B. Hawke won the Senior Hurdles, and Milligan the Junior, whilst the hundred yards races were respectively carried off by Cave (major) and Laurence.

By his victory over Lumsden on Monday Hawdon has still further demonstrated what a really good sculler he is. It was a magnificent race for over two miles and a half, but at the finish the Blyth man was played out. There was a slight foul, but it made no difference, as the Tynesider was in the right, and besides that had his man beaten at the time.

Hawdon has been matched against Hanlon, of Toronto, in May next, for £200 a-side, over the Tyne Championship Course. I shall stand the Englishman.

On Saturday last the final heat for the Coxswainless Fours at Oxford was decided, the two crews left in being Magdalen and University. The former won easily by five seconds.

The race between H. Sandford, of Lady Margaret, and R. L. Knaggs, of Caius, for the final heat of the Colquhoun Sculls on Monday last, produced one of the finest contests ever witnessed on the Cam, the first-named winning by barely a second. Time, 10 min. 10 sec.

At both Universities the presidents are busy with a couple of trial eights, but it is useless to pass any opinion yet, or to give the crews, as they get changed repeatedly.

Billiard players will have plenty of amusement this winter, despite the absence of the cracks. Another handicap tournament, on the American principle, commences at the Aquarium on Saturday, and will be continued during next week.

Mr. "Dick" Dunn's Amateur Handicap is likely to prove even a greater success than was anticipated. First-class entries have been obtained, and the handicap has been published. I cannot see the winner, and I fancy he will want finding. Tom Stuart has the management, and a whisper has reached me that the venue will be changed to the Aquarium.

Some more Association ties have been decided. Old Etonians have knocked out the holders, the Wanderers; Barnes have beaten Maidenhead; Cambridge University, the Hertfordshire Rangers; Pilgrims, Brentwood; Reading, Hendon; and Swifts, Havks.

EXON.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. P. T.—Your idea is a very happy one, and we shall be glad to welcome its realisation.

CORK.—We believe you will find Problem 206 to be quite correct. See our solution thereof this week.

J. S. (Croydon).—Thanks for your communication.

E. M. (Royal Aquarium).—You have our good wishes; but remember that to make a club successful you must have the courage to exclude from its management all such persons, however eminent as players, who, by their past conduct in connection with similar societies, have demonstrated their incurable incapacity to conform themselves, we do not say to the etiquette and manners that obtain among gentlemen, but to the ordinary usages of civilized society.

C. W.—No one, so far as we know, grudges a complimentary or even a satisfactory dinner to the gentleman referred to; but it is rather absurd to expect first-class, or, indeed, any English players, to celebrate the triumph of a foreigner, achieved not in this country but, in a measure, over this country. The dinner, we observe, is to be given, not to the pleasant companion or the talented player as such, but to the "winner of the first prize, International Paris Tournament"; and one, moreover, who is not altogether unknown as a supporter of the Anti-English Chess Clique.

SOLUTIONS of Problem No. 210 by G. R., J. G., F. L. and Juvenis are correct.

We intend to re-publish Problem 204 as soon as it has been amended by the Author.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 205.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to K B 6 K to Q 5 (a)
2. K to B 5 (mates)

(a) If Black plays K to B 6, White mates with Q at K Kt 2; and if Black plays P to Q 5, Queen mates at Q Kt 7.

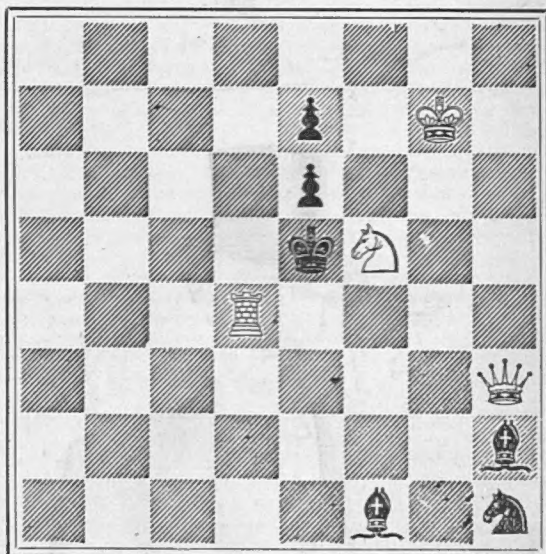
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 206.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to K B 6 P to Kt 6
2. R to B 8 (dis. ch) Any move.
3. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 211.

By S. LOYD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

An interesting and ably-contested game played last week between Mr. W. N. Potter and Mr. H. F. Down, the former giving the odds of P and two moves:—

[Remove Black's K B P.]

WHITE. (Mr. Down.)	BLACK. (Mr. Potter.)	WHITE. (Mr. Down.)	BLACK. (Mr. Potter.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 3	27. B to K 2	Kt to R 4
2. P to Q 4	Kt to K 2 (a)	28. K to Q 3	Kt to Q 5
3. B to Q 3	P to K Kt 3	29. B to Q sq	B to K sq
4. Kt to K B 3	B to Kt 2	30. Kt to R 3	P to B 4
5. Kt to B 3	Q Kt to R 3	31. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
6. P to K 5 (b)	P to Q Kt 3	32. P to Kt 4	B to B 2
7. P to Q R 3	H to Kt 2	33. B to Kt 3	K to R 3
8. Kt to K 4	P to Q 3	34. R to K B 3 (ch)	K to K 2
9. B to K Kt 5	K to B 2	35. K to Q 2	B to K 3
10. Kt to B 6 (ch)	P takes Q P	36. P to R 4	P takes P
11. P to Q 5 (c)	P takes P	37. B takes R	K takes B
12. Kt takes Q P	P takes K	38. P takes P	K to Q 4
13. B to Q B 4	K to K sq	39. R to B 7	P to Q K 4
14. B to B 6	B takes B	40. R takes P	R to Q Kt sq
15. Kt takes B (ch)	K to H sq (d)	41. R to R 6	K to Kt 7 (ch)
16. Kt to Q 7 (ch) (e)	K to K 2	42. K to K sq	K takes P
17. K Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	43. K takes P	K to B 5
18. Kt takes Kt	B takes P	44. P to H 4 (h)	R takes P
19. K R to Kt sq	Q takes Q (ch)	45. P to B 5	R to R 4
20. R takes Q	H to R 6	46. P to B 6	K to B 5
21. R to Kt 3	B to B 4	47. R to R 6	K to H 6
22. R to K 3	Q R to Q sq	48. P to B 7	K takes P
23. R takes R (f)	K takes R	49. K to R 5	P to R 5
24. P to Q B 3	B to B 7	50. R to Q R 5	R to K R 2
25. B to Q 3	B to Kt 6	51. R takes P	P to Q 6
26. P to Q B 4	B to R 5		

(a) Mr. Potter wisely deviates from the prescribed forms of defence in order to throw his opponent upon his native resources.

(b) As a rule it is better not to advance this pawn into the enemy's territory until it is attacked.

(c) White handles his pawns very dexterously, but in this opening the pieces are the fittest instruments wherewith to torture the odds-giver.

(d) "Uneasy lies (or moves) the head that wears a crown."

(e) Q to K 2, or some move, to avoid the exchange of Queens, would have been more conducive to White's interest.

(f) An injudicious abandonment of the open file; the Knight might have interposed satisfactorily.

(g) Marshalling the King "the way that he was going."

(h) Suicidal; his only chance of a draw was dashing in at once with the K R P.

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The Skating Quake



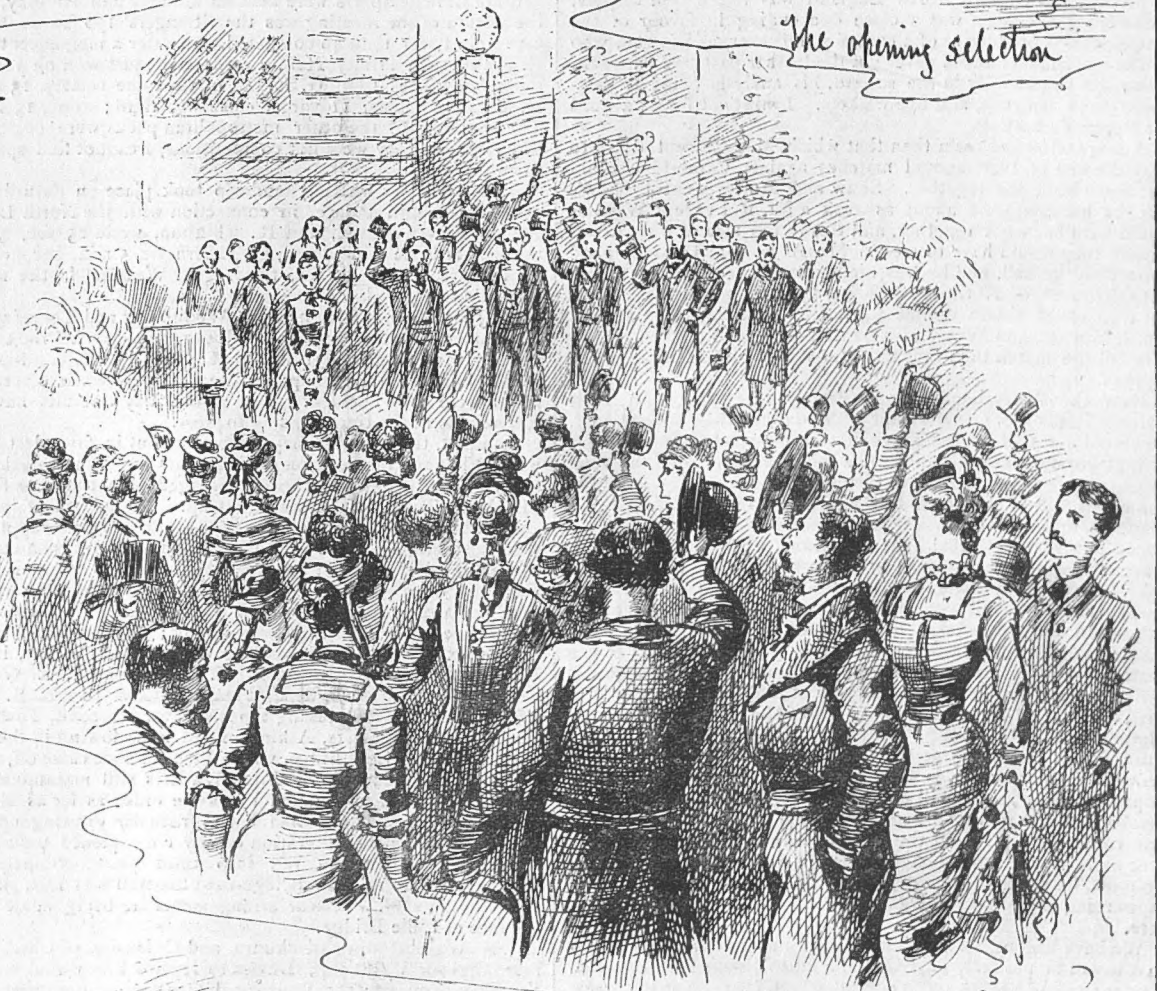
The Chairman



The opening selection



In the promenade



God save the Queen



Mr Strowd rises on behalf of the Ladies



Dinner is ready gentlemen



The Curfew tolls put out the lights

John J. Wilson

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OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

WHEN I write my guide to theatrical criticism (which no young man should be without *when* it is published), I intend devoting a chapter to the criticism of matters one is ignorant of generally. Criticism is a very important branch of the noble art, and will, I take it, settle the matter as to whether people should talk about affairs they know comparatively little of, or not. One of my directions will be that you shall devote your attention to the audience around you when you want to avoid contact with the subject represented on



Musical Darby and Joan.

the stage, more especially if you do not know a word of Italian or a note of music, and are criticising the Italian Opera. For instance, I went to the opera the other night and was vastly entertained by the surrounding humanity, and could go on without much effort to give little descriptions of the people about me and with much advantage to the performance and yourself, reader, without saying a word about what happened on the stage or in the orchestra. But I have too strong a sense of my duty to do so altogether, so any remarks I may have to offer concerning the audience will be qualified by sundry allusions to the Opera. Mr. Mapleson has certainly done a good thing for the British public in giving a series of genuine Italian operas at moderate prices. Another stroke in favour of the B. P. is the commencing of the said operas at an



early hour and finishing in time for Suburbanites to catch their trains. Stroke number three in favour of the B. P. is the temporary abolition of the rule as to evening dress. The Suburbanites have certainly appreciated the boon placed at their disposal. There is Brixton cheek-by-jowl with Croydon, enjoying what, until now, was an expensive and well-nigh impossible luxury. Hammersmith tries to outvie Islington in of disposing itself in true "stall fashion." Thames Ditton gazes at, and listens to the performance with that peculiar unhidden delight that generally belongs to the features of an audience at a morning performance

of a Drury Lane or Covent Garden pantomime, while Dalston and Finchley nod off to sleep about 9.30, so fairly are they done up with the wild round of excitement they have gone through since they started at five o'clock. It certainly presented an unusual sight, this congregation of motley in the places of those who would as soon think of going to the opera in morning costume as they would think of eating their dinners with pitchforks. Then, again, to hear the brilliant achievements of the artistes applauded by a clapping together of the hands in boxes and stalls was, to say the least of it, novel and unusual. The white-tied *habitus* of the regular opera season seems to have left this "cheap season" to the Suburbanite as much as possible. With a true enthusiasm for art, Lord Alfred Paget has a box, as also has Colonel Cannon-Ball and Lady Yewnohu; so that the place is not altogether abandoned to the savages from the wilds of Brixton and Croydon, and Hammersmith and Finchley, and other unheard-of dark places. The Suburbanite ought not to presume too much, however, on the kind thoughtfulness of Mr. Mapleson. For instance, evening dress being dispensed with does not mean that a man is to enter the stalls armed with several ulster coats, two or three umbrellas, and a few formidable hats! There is a cloak-room although evening dress is dispensed with. There was a gentleman, sitting in the two stalls next to me who smothered the place right and left with wraps; he had evidently driven up to town from his sheep-pen, and to all appearances, it was a mercy he did not bring the horse and gig into the stalls with him. I have a shrewd suspicion that he had part of the harness in his capacious pockets, and the whip up the back



of his coat. However, he enjoyed himself, and if Madame Trebelli heard his opinion, not so much for her voice as her "pins" (as he called them) she would be flattered. I noticed one old pair who, sitting close together, arm-in-arm, drank in the charming music with immovable delight. There was none of the suggestion that they were not accustomed to the opera in their demeanour or expressions, but it looked unusual in the stalls, and I made a note of it. I wonder how many pleasant evenings Darby and Joan have spent together in music and harmony during the last half century? This one was not the first. I'll be bound. The orchestra, during the present season, is not of the extensive proportions that is customary in the accompaniment of the Italian Opera, but Signor Li Calsi conducts with so much skill, and so judiciously are the component parts of his band chosen, that he extracts almost as much from it as though it consisted of half as many more instruments. As he sits at his huge *time* of music he has the most unobtrusive and quiet command over his musical army. The little shaded lamps that are supposed to supply the musicians with light in most cases seem to obstruct the desired effect and throw deep shadows over the pages of the score. I noticed several of the instrumentalists in desperate discomfort owing to this fact. *Nozze di Figaro* was the opera chosen for representation, upon the night of my visit. Herr Behrens assumed the part of Figaro, and sang with considerable taste and power, but he is rather heavy for the part of the volatile Benedict. The gambols of an elephant are not those of Figaro. Madame Trebelli as Cherubino was, of course, the attraction of the night. Her delightful voice and consummate skill as an actress leave everyone else many lengths behind. By the way, I wonder why Madame Trebelli touches up the space between the eyelids and eyebrows with pink paint? it

gives her the appearance of having had "a good cry." I have not yet seen Madame Trebelli in *Carmen*, but, I believe it is worth a journey even greater than that taken by Croydon, Dalston, and the rest of them to see and hear her play the part of the Gipsy. It is wonderful how useful the Gipsy is to the operatic muse. Male and female after their kind scarcely any opera is complete without gipsies. Next to the



An Airy fairy Figaro.

young man, who returns straight from the war to the very front of the stage, and overhanging the footlights, announces his deep affection for the young lady—whom he has rudely left standing by herself while he does so, after the manner of the young mechanics on 'Ampstead 'Eath of a Sunday, when they are out with their respective "young women," and stop with each other for a few minutes' inane grinning—next to this young man in the opera the gipsy has the best show. I prefer the gipsy myself. What



Orchestral Lights.

an objectionable being the male chorus-singer in the opera is to be sure, the penny ice-man scowl with which he treats everything and stolid the way in which he takes the place allotted to him on the stage! I really think he is nearly as offensive as a male ballet-dancer. Of course there are exceptions, and one can here and there pick out the features of a true-born Englishman or an "Eyetalian from Cark," who with a bright smile is singing lustily sombre music—his Italian accent, I'll wager, larded with inches of genuine brogue.

CHELTENHAM WINTER GARDEN.

A short time ago we illustrated the Cricket Week at Cheltenham, and directed attention to the New Winter Garden in that beautiful town, which was then all but completed. Since then the finishing touch has been imparted, and last week the building was opened under very auspicious circumstances. The event created great stir in the town and county. To celebrate the inauguration with becoming *éclat*, great exertions had to be made, unusual difficulties having to be contended against; but the perseverance and determination thrown into the undertaking, mainly by the general manager (Mr. James Grant), overcame these, and the opening was a success. The weather—that important element in all such calculations—was, fortunately, everything that could have been expected of a day in November; and the Cheltenham public, having undergone the infliction of a week's Social Science, were quite prepared to enjoy an entertainment which, while not altogether conflicting therewith, was yet of a decidedly more exhilarating character, and accordingly welcomed with especial favour the advent of a novelty which promised to become a permanent attraction. Accordingly the entrance into the Gardens fronting the Promenade was, on Wednesday morning, the 6th inst., ablaze with flags and streamers of every shape and colour, and when at two o'clock the doors were opened to the public they found the interior equally gaily decorated; having also on a raised stage on either side the north transept a range of choice exotics, and at its upper end an orchestra capable of accommodating some thirty or forty performers; the entire area in front being seated for the reception of the company, which presently occupied nearly every chair. A brief description of the building previously appeared in these columns, but readers may be reminded of its salient features. It is situate towards the centre of a plot of ground, originally a nursery, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres in extent, occupying the south-east side of the upper part of the promenade—a position of unrivalled importance, being at once central and commanding. In character and construction, it might in a general way be regarded as a miniature of the far-famed palace at Sydenham. In style it is Italian, in plan cruciform, and it is flanked by two towers. Where the transepts intersect the main building, a dome rises to the height of nearly 100 feet. The floor area is 16,500 feet, inclusive of retiring rooms, offices, &c.; the extreme length is 250 feet, and the average width 50 feet—that is to say, each end of the structure measures 100 feet by 50 feet, and the dome and transepts together 130 feet by 50 feet. The walls are of brick, faced internally and externally with white Leicester pressed bricks, relieved with bands and arches of red brick; and the mouldings, which are boldly designed, are executed in Portland cement. The roofs, which are light and elegant, are of iron and glass throughout, and materially enhance the beauty and attractiveness of the architecture. The main ribs, it may be mentioned, are semi-circular, with pierced openings, relieved with colour. The bulk of the grounds lies on the promenade side of the building, and are ornamentally laid out in terraces and lawns. An important feature of the exterior is the uncovered rink. It is upwards of 1,000 square yards in extent, and is laid by the Limmer Asphalte Company, with an asphalt which is most extensively used in the kingdom. The south-west end of the building is occupied by another rink, continuous of the former, and also of large proportions. The opposite end of the interior is a Winter Garden, Concert Hall, exhibition, and place of general entertainment, and the centre and transepts, with their specially prepared floors, constitute a pleasant promenade, and, as occasion may require, a delightful ball-room. The principal personages at the opening ceremony were Lord Fitzhardinge, who declared the building open, the mayor of the town (Baron de Ferrières), the mayor elect (Alderman Willmott), the chairman of the company (J. T. Agg-Gardner, Esq., M.P. for the borough), and the vice-chairman (Col. N. B. Thoyts). Two grand concerts, vocal and instrumental (the latter part being under the direction of Mr. A. G. Pollock, R.A.M., the musical conductor, who has already proved himself more than worthy of the post), succeeded the opening ceremony, one in the afternoon, the other in the evening; and, simultaneously with the latter, Mr. Agg-Gardner, as chairman of the company, entertained the shareholders and the members of the corporation, and a number of other gentlemen and tradesmen of the town, at a dinner at the Plough Hotel. Since then the first Saturday promenade concert has been given, also with great success, and other good fixtures have been made. A prosperous future is evidently in store for the Winter Garden.

AGONIES OF AMATEURS.

Who that has ever endured these agonies will not recognise with a smile the fidelity of our artist's sketches? The dressing and the making-up bring their own troubles, but, alas! these are but parts of a fearful whole, the mere commencement of that piling up of agonies which ends only with the fall of that blessed order of release—the curtain. The dismay and horror of the wrong man

in the wrong dress, which culminates in a despairing cry of "This won't do for Hamlet!" contrasts amusingly the smirking satisfaction of this same amateur Thespian, when the mistake is satisfactorily explained and remedied, and the histrionic aspirant poses before an imaginary audience, half-dreading, half-longing for the rising of the curtain. We can realise at once the desperate position of the unfortunate gentleman in the only pair of knee-breeches left in the costumier's stock. For weeks he has been dreaming blissfully of the delights of going on the stage. But how can he "go on" if they won't go on? And then the wigs, always a source of strugglings and difficulties. To conceal one's own hair under them, without producing ridiculous effects, is really quite a branch of the fine arts, and as to that "join," simple as the usual method adopted for its concealment is, how are you to discover the same if you never heard anything about it? So again with those mysterious and extraordinary novelties, stage costumes. How is Smith to know what that very peculiar article of male attire, never seen off the stage, a ballet shirt, is? How could he know that it wasn't sold where other shirts were bought? Even had he accidentally seen one, never in all the wildest of his most eccentric imaginings could he have conceived that such an object was a shirt? Now, you who know it, does it look like a shirt? Doesn't it look like everything but a shirt? Wasn't it perfectly natural to suppose that a shirt printed all over with pictures of ballet-girls was, as a matter of course, a ballet-shirt? And then to put on the dresses supplied is a matter of no little difficulty, pregnant with wild inquiries: Which is the top? and which the bottom?—which the front? and which the back?—how is this worn?—where does that go?—what am I to do with this?—do please tell me what that is for?—how does this fasten?—in front? or behind?—do, please, tell me if I'm all right? &c., &c., &c., for of such imploring and anxious questioning there is amongst theatrical tyros in the hour preceding a performance no ending. Not least of these agonies of amateurs is the making up. That "Veteran Peruquier" is a portrait; thousands will recognise him. Ah, how many aspiring amateurs have submitted to the manipulation of that camel-hair pencil which he calls his lining brush, wherewith youth is converted into age, blooming health into ghastliness, and a placid, after-dinner expression of content with self and all the world beside into gloomy discontent and scowling villainy. He adds a new charm to beauty, on the stage, gives ugliness its final touch of repulsiveness. The tyro may imagine that he has merely dirtied his face—the audience will know better. But we shall be led away into whole columns of gossip on a theme so fruitful as the agonies of amateurs, if at once we do not come to a close, and so we leave you to imagine all that might be added in the study of Mr. Soden's amusing sketches.

THE "QUORN" AT KIRBY GATE.

The Quorn met, for the first time this season, on Monday week at Kirby Gate, and the company which assembled was as brilliant as any of its predecessors. Long before eleven o'clock, the hour fixed for the gathering, the roads, both from Leicester and Melton, were crowded with horsemen, carriages, and pedestrians, and when the hour for "throwing off" had arrived, the spacious park presented a very animated appearance. There were at least 500 ladies and gentlemen, well-known in this celebrated hunt, and others in the district present. The redcoats were a numerous body, and the tenant farmers were also largely represented. Among the veterans in the field were:—Lord and Lady Grey de Wilton, Lord Bradford, Lord Wicklow, Lord Aylesford, Lord James Douglas, Sir A. B. C. Dixie, Bart., Lady Florence Dixie, Mrs. Sterling, Miss Campbell, Miss E. Webster, Miss Elmhirst, Miss M. Webster, Hon. H. Lowther, Colonel Stackpole, Mr. W. B. Lubbock, Hon. C. Denison, Mr. H. Brethrens, Mr. J. Brethrens, Mr. W. Gleadow, and others. Soon after driving up, the master gave the word for Gartree Hill, and the hounds went off at a brisk pace to that well-known cover, several miles distant. The long line of horsemen and carriages following formed a charming picture, and the company was about two miles long. On reaching Gartree Hill it was found that a good many people had availed themselves of that eminence, having walked from Melton in anticipation of the hounds drawing that cover. The hounds were at once put in, and it was not long before their whimper indicated the presence of foxes. After some difficulty they drove Reynard out, and "Tally ho!" rang from out of the woods. The hounds ran a short distance at a fair pace, but a stop occurred, and they entered the gorse on the opposite hill. They wrought slowly back, and meanwhile a "holloa" from the people on the hill-top told of the presence of a fox there. This turned out to be right, for Pug actually ran through the crowd back to Gartree cover. The hounds skirted the brook, and turned again to the hill. The hounds were then drawn off to Thorp Trusswell, and up to then they had done little good, owing to the scent being rather weak, and the presence of a great many foxes. After leaving Thorp Trusswell, a fox was started, and ran off at a brisk pace, closely followed by hounds, giving the now reduced

field a capital gallop over a good country as far as Ashby. The going was a little heavy, but the day was most enjoyable, and the abundance of foxes gave promise of splendid sport during the season. The master, on his well-known black, is a conspicuous figure in our artist's drawing.

SCHILLER'S STATUE AT VIENNA.

It having been determined at a public meeting that a monument to Schiller should be erected, a committee was formed under the direction of Dr. Ludwig August Frankl, a committee consisting of thirty members of different professions and trades, and on the 26th March, 1868, the first appeal for a subscription was made, the Emperor of Austria heading the list with a munificent donation. Soon after, a committee of ladies collected an amount of 5,000fl; this was followed by another committee of noble ladies, under the patronage of the Princess Hohenlohe, and a lottery was organised for the same purpose, which realised the sum of 9,000fls. The interest taken in the matter by the public was also considerable. The different German regiments of the Austrian army, as well as all classes of workmen and peasants, contributed their mite to the general fund. The press used its powerful influence to enlist public opinion in its favour, so that after a lapse of a few years the large amount of 100,000 gulden in silver was collected, and artists were then invited to send in designs for a monument. Notwithstanding the fact that only German and Austrian artists were allowed to compete, designs to the number of forty-four were received and exhibited in the Academy of Fine Arts. A jury was formed of six gentlemen, of whom Counts Auton Auersperg and Ludwig August Frankl were appointed umpires. The design of Professor Johann Schilling, of Dresden, was awarded the first prize; to this gentleman was entrusted the execution of the monument. The present "Schillerplatz," which is situated opposite the splendid new building of the Academy of Fine Arts, was selected as the most suitable spot. The Emperor of Austria again showed his liberality by presenting them with 50cwt. of metal to the value of 9,000 florins. The monument, a drawing from which we this week place before our readers, is thirty-three feet high, the base is a species of red granite, found only in Sweden, and from which steps have been hewn, leading to a four-cornered pedestal made of bronze. From this projects allegorical figures representing the four ages of man. A second pedestal rises from this, on the four sides of which are figures of Art, Poetry, Philosophy, and Charity. Above all towers the statue of the poet himself—eleven feet high.

THE "HAUTE ECOLE" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Who has not a sneaking kindness for "the Circus"? And what circus can surpass in greatness, in the variety and interest of its features, and in all other excellencies peculiar to it, that associated with Myers's, "Great American Hippodrome," now at the Crystal Palace? Histrionics and playgoers may, and often do, sneer at its compound of performing animals, buffoons, and tumblers, as unintellectual and low; but it strikes us there is often a greater chance of carrying away improving thoughts and feelings from such an entertainment of the "sawdust" than one does from a modern farce or burlesque, in which there is no want of buffoonery, on "the legitimate boards," where ladies, with a plentiful lack of self-respect and very pretty legs, prove the one by a far too liberal display of the other. It is the circus that reveals how great is the docility, intelligence, and capability of training in animals which we are only too apt to regard with a contempt begetting carelessness and cruelty intentional or unintentional from "want of thought," and if this were all that could be said for it more is hardly necessary. With all its radiance and gaiety, its wonders of physical strength, activity, and daring, its bold and graceful riders of "the other sex," its elephants, whose comicality and grotesqueness are as striking as their rapidity of perception and eagerness to obey, &c., &c., it is small wonder that Myers' Circus retains its wonderful popularity. Our artist's drawing represents one of the six ladies of "The Grand Manœuvre," a most accomplished and fearless rider, whose will seems so completely that of her steed that whether one creates the other, and, if so, which, or whether both spring into being simultaneously, is a question we cannot venture to decide. We know, also, with all his resolute firmness, how patient and gentle the horse-trainer must be, how familiar he must be with the general and individual characteristics of his animals, and what lessons he receives, as well as gives, in that course of instruction of which the result is here displayed. Altogether, therefore, we welcome the return of Myers, and cheerfully record the re-appearance of his performers and animals with our artist's pencil.

At the Gaiety they are rehearsing Mr. H. J. Byron's burlesque on *Fra Diavolo*.

The annual past v. present match at Wellington College under Rugby rules was played on Saturday, and the School won anyhow.

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ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane.—BLACK MASTER'S STOCK.—On SATURDAY, November 23, will be SOLD by Public AUCTION, the property of Mr. James Nodes, Edgware-road (who from ill-health is reducing his stock), TEN valuable, young, fresh BLACK ENTIRE HORSES; all quiet in their work, and sold for no fault; several Mourning Carriages, &c. Further particulars at Aldridge's.—W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

Horses from Newmarket.—Annual Sale.
MR. RYMILL will SELL by AUCTION, at his Repository, Barbican, London, on TUESDAY next, the property of Mr. Robert Layton, White Hart Hotel, Newmarket, THIRTY well-bred, high-stepping, young riding and driving HORSES, in first-class condition, including many known hunters, been used during the race meetings. On view Monday.

MR. RYMILL will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED and SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young Cart and Van Horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of Carriages, Carts, Harness, &c.



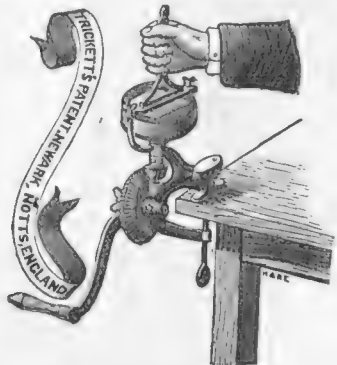
CANTERBURY.—Mr. SLATER will SELL at his Repository (this day), Nov. 16, Fourteen horses from the Royal Artillery, and several high-class hunters, up to weight. The stabling will now accommodate nearly 100 horses on Sale days. Inspection invited. Horses received for sale by private treaty daily.



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REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

OF THE

GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

TO THE

ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS,

HELD ON THE

7TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

Head Office—

ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, LONDON.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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Assistant Secretary—JOSEPH ALLEN, Esq.

Medical Examiner—JOHN C. GALTON, M.A., M.R.C.S., &c.

Solicitor—T. H. DEVONSHIRE, Esq.

FUNDS.

Realised Assets (1878) £2,492,793

Life Assurance and Annuity Funds 2,426,833

Annual Income 518,039

The Directors have the pleasure to present their Report on the operations of the 30th financial year of the Society ending 30th June, 1878.

During the year 5,491 proposals were made to the Society for assuring the sum of £2,189,442. Of these proposals 4,332 were accepted for the assurance of £1,714,129, and policies were issued for that amount. The immediate annuities granted during the year were for £56,614 4s. 3d.

The income derived from premiums, after deducting therefrom the amount paid for Re-assurance, was £413,717 2s. 2d., including £55,938 8s. 5d. in premiums for the first year of assurance.

The balance of the interest account amounted to £104,321 17s. 3d., which, together with the receipts from premiums, raised the income of the Society to £518,038 19s. 5d. for the year. The interest which had become payable, but which had not been received at the date of closing the accounts, is included in the item of "Outstanding Interest" among the assets.

The claims made upon the Society, and admitted during the year under Life Assurance policies, were for an amount of £196,204 19s. 4d., of which sum £5,666 19s. 1d. was re-assured, whilst the claims under policies for Endowments, which had reached their term, amounted to £90,193 15s. 9d. The sum of £33,001 2s. 11d. was also paid for the surrender of policies.

After providing for these amounts—for the annuities falling due within the year for all necessary office expenses, and every other charge on the income of the year, there remained a balance of £119,288 2s. 2d., which augments the fund available for the existing policies of the Society. This fund amounted at the end of the financial year to £2,426,833 19s. 11d., and together with the amount of £65,950 18s. 6d., reserved for the settlement of claims outstanding, for the payments of annuities not applied for, and for other purposes specified in the Balance Sheet, make up a total

FIRST SCHEDULE.

Revenue Account of "The Gresham Life Assurance Society," for the year ending 30th June, 1878.

Amount of funds at the beginning of the year	£7,323,256 17 9
Premiums—First year	£55,938 8 5
Renewals	391,769 12 1
Less Re-Assurance Premiums	£417,708 0 6
	3,990 18 4
	413,717 2 2

Consideration for Annuities granted	63,941 1 2
Interest and Dividends	104,321 17 2

Other Receipts:—	
Exchange	2,557 6 9
Securities realised (Profit on Debentures repaid)	1,490 0 3
Loan charges and Assignment fees	14 2 0

£2,915,297 8 1

We have examined the above Statement, with the Books of Account, and here by certify the same to be correct.

Dated October 24th, 1878.

Signed,

G. H. LADBURY,

WILLIAM W. VENN,

Auditors.

SECOND SCHEDULE.

Balance Sheet of "The Gresham Life Assurance Society," on the 30th of June, 1878.

Shareholders Capital paid up	£21,712 0 0
Assurance fund	2,193,432 1 11
Annuity fund	230,571 8 5
Deferred Annuity in Italian Rentes fund	2,829 9 7
Total funds as per first schedule	£2,426,833 19 11

Claims admitted but not paid	43,650 7 3
Less Re-Assured	1,401 0 0
	42,250 1 3

Annuities outstanding	1,910 9 3
Share dividends and bonus not applied for	88 8 0
Other accounts	nil.

£2,492,793 18 5

We have verified, at the Bank of England, the inscription of the Government funds, in the name of THE GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, and have examined the books, documents, and securities, representing the property contained in this Balance Sheet, and hereby certify the correctness of the same.

Dated October 24th, 1878.

Signed,

G. H. LADBURY,

WILLIAM W. VENN,

Auditors.

BONUS YEAR, 1879.—POLICIES effected before the 1st July, 1879, on the profit tables, with annual premiums, will participate in the Bonus to be declared next year, in the manner prescribed by the regulations of the Society, PROPOSAL FORMS, &c., to be obtained on application to the Society's Agents, or to—

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of £2,492,793 18s. 5d. in realised assets, as shown in the 2nd Schedule.

The accounts have been duly audited by Mr. G. H. Ladbury, the Public Accountant (a Shareholder of the Society), on the part of the Shareholders; and by the Notary Public, Mr. W. W. Venn (a Policy holder), on behalf of the Policy holders. The whole of the securities and documents representing the realised assets of the Society have been verified, both by the Directors and by the Auditors.

The Directors have bestowed unremitting attention to the judicious investment of the funds of the Society. The amount rendered available for this purpose by the movement of funds during the year has been invested to yield an average rate of interest of 4.46 per cent.

The freehold premises of the Society, were in the course of last summer in a sufficiently advanced state to allow of the transfer thither of the Society's principal offices.

The Directors retiring on the present occasion are Messrs. W. H. Thornthwaite, Edward Solly, F.R.S., and James Lyne Hancock, who, being eligible, are recommended by the Board to constitute the list for re-election.

Mr. Ladbury and Mr. Venn retire as Auditors, but being eligible they offer themselves again for election, the former on behalf of the Shareholders, and the latter on behalf of the Policyholders.

The Directors have given the usual order for the triennial valuation of the assurance and annuity contracts of the Society, which has been already commenced. The result of the valuation will be submitted to the Shareholders, at the next ordinary General Meeting.

The Directors congratulate the Members on the continued prosperity of the Society.

By order of the Board.

F. ALLAN CURTIS,

November 7th, 1878.

Actuary and Secretary.

Signed,

W. H. THORNTONWAITE, Chairman.

A. H. SMEE, Director.

EDWARD SOLLY, Director.

F. A. CURTIS, Actuary & Secretary.

ASSETS.

Mortgages on Property within the United Kingdom	£91,057 12 3
Mortgages on Property out of the United Kingdom	nil.
Loans to Corporations and other minor public bodies	98,401 19 7
Loans on the Company's policies	198,946 3 4
Investments:—	
In British Government Securities	148,793 11 10
Foreign Government Securities	459,910 2 7
Railway Debentures and Debenture Stocks	815,352 0 8
Railway shares (preference and guaranteed)	20,004 19 5
House property	318,560 8 4
Loans upon personal security	38,941 10 4
Credit Premiums	43,055 14 0
Advances on Reversionary interest and on deposits of securities	31,793 3 0
Furniture and fittings	7,599 0 8
Stamps and Stationery	1,500 0 0
Agents' balances	61,711 15 0
Outstanding premiums	85,881 18 4
Outstanding interest and rent	31,155 0 11
Cash in hand and on Current account	31,505 3 2
	£2,492,791 18 5

Signed,

W. H. THORNTONWAITE, Chairman.

A. H. SMEE, Director.

EDWARD SOLLY, Director.

F. A. CURTIS, Actuary & Secretary.

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6. Fleur de Printemps ... " ... Bousquet.
7. Pas des Patineurs (Russian Dance) ... " ... Godfrey.

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5. St. David's Quadrille ... " ... Dan Godfrey.
6. Bruder Lustig Galop ... " ... Budik.

Contents of No. 2.

1. Le Premier Baiser Waltzes ... Lamothe.
2. Venus Reigen Waltzes ... " ... Gung'l.
3. Den Lieben Langen Tag Waltzes ... " ... Rudel.
4. Deutsche Herzen Waltzes ... " ... Strauss.
5. The Varsity Lancers ... " ... D'Egville.
6. The Pet Schottische ... " ... Bertrand.

Contents of No. 3.

1. Soldaten Lieder ... Waltzes.
2. Gräfenberger ... " ... Waltzes.
3. Daheim! ... " ... Waltzes.
4. Jungheeren Tänze ... " ... Waltzes.
5. Fantasiebilder ... " ... Waltzes.
6. Mein schönster Tag in Berlin ... " ... Waltzes.

Contents of No. 4.

1. Frühlingslieder Waltzes ... Gung'l.
2. Lille Waltzes ... Strauss.
3. Le Tour du Monde Waltzes ... Metra.
4. La Financée Waltz ... Lamothe.
5. Hochzeit. Wedding. Quadrille ... Strauss.
6. Pergola Polka ... Marie.

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Officers on full pay, Army and Navy, and Gentlemen belonging to the following clubs can become members of the Kempton Park Club without ballot by sending their names to the Secretary, Seamount Portman, at 48, Conduit-street, London, W.:

Jockey Club, White's, Marlborough, Boodle's, Arthur's, Brooks's, Travellers, Turf, Pratt's, St. James's, Athenaeum, Park, Portland, Carlton, Junior Carlton, Conservative, St. Stephen's Club, Reform, Devonshire Club, Union, County, Raleigh, Windham, Road, Oriental, Army and Navy, Guards', United Service, Junior United Service, Naval and Military, Junior Naval and Military, United University, New University, Oxford and Cambridge, East India United Service, Sandown, Orleans, Badminton, Bibury, Ludlow Club, Southdown Club (Lewes), Kildare-street and United Service Clubs (Dublin), The New Club and the Caledonian United Service Club (Edinburgh), all the Jockey Clubs of Europe, and other Clubs hereafter to be named by the Committee.

Gentlemen not belonging to any of the above Clubs will be balloted for by the Committee on sending their names to the Secretary, as above.

The Annual Subscription will be Five Guineas, but Members will be admitted for the November Meeting at a subscription of Two Guineas. No entrance fee or liability beyond the annual subscription.

A Special Train for members only will leave Waterloo No. 5 platform on Nov. 21st, 22nd, and 23rd, at 10.55 a.m.

PLUMPTON OPEN COURSING

MEETING, the draw for which will take place at the Old Ship Hotel, Brighton, on MONDAY, December 16, at TWO o'clock, to course TUESDAY, December 17, 18, and 19, when the following stakes will be run for, under the National Coursing Rules:—

THE GREAT SOUTHERN CUP, for 64 all-aged greyhounds, dogs and bitches, at £12 10s. each; pp; winner £250, second £100, third and fourth £25 each; fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth £15 each, eight winners of two courses £10 each, sixteen winners of one course £5 each; £180 deducted for Purse and Plate; total, £800.

THE PURSE, for dogs beaten in the first round of Cup; winner £37 10s., second £15, third and fourth £7 10s. each, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth £5 each; eight winners of one course £2 10s. each.

THE PLATE, for dogs beaten in the second round of Cup; winner £37 10s., second £15, third and fourth £5 each, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth £2 10s. each; 10 per cent will be deducted for expenses.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.
Mr. H. F. Stocken Mr. T. Quinhampton
Mr. R. F. Wilkins Mr. G. K. Smith
Col. Goodlake, V.C. Mr. E. Davey.
Mr. A. Allison

Mr. N. K. Wentworth, Judge.
A. Nailard, Slipper.

Mr. T. H. Case, Plumpton, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex,
Hon. Secretary,

to whom all applications for nominations are to be made, accompanied by cheque or P.O.O.

Nominations granted in order of application, which it is requested should be made early.

Special trains will leave London for Plumpton at 9 a.m., calling at Croydon, Redhill, Three Bridges, and Haywards Heath; also from Brighton at 10 a.m., via Lewes.

WARWICK SPRING MEETING,

1879, will take place on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, the 3rd and 4th of April, under the Rules of Racing.

The following stake CLOSES and names on WEDNESDAY, November 20th, to Mr. J. Sheldon, Temple Chambers, 50 New-street, Birmingham; Messrs. Weatherby, London; or to Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, 28 Conduit-street, London.

FIRST DAY.
The STONELEIGH TWO-YRS-OLD PLATE of 200 sov; colts, 8st 12lb, fillies, 8st 9lb; those by sires that have never got, or out of mares that have never bred, a winner of 100 sov at one time, allowed 9lb, but only one allowance, to be claimed at the time of entry; a winner of any race value 100 sov, to carry 9lb, of two such races, or one value 200 sov 7lb, or one value 300 sov 10lb extra; entrance 2 sov, the only liability for horses struck out to Messrs. Weatherby only, by Tuesday, March 4th, if not so struck out, entrance to be 5 sov in addition; straight run in.

Mr. J. F. CLARK, Judge.
Mr. T. McGEORGE, Starter.
Mr. J. DUNN, Clerk of the Scales.
Mr. JOHN SHEDDEN, Lessee and Clerk of the Course.

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This won't do for Hamlet!



—It don't matter, sir, it won't be seen when your coats on.



This is rather more the thing I fancy!



I can't hide the join of my wig!



Veteran Peruquier: "Please to look up, sir!"

(V.P. is doddering, trembly, & suffers from D.T. — dramatic aspirant expects every moment to have the living-brush dabbed in his eye.)



Don't fancy this wig suits me!



Which is the back & which is the front of this! — it looks so stupid to ask.



*Veteran: Haven't you got a ballet shirt?
Tyro: Why, what do you call this!*



Here what am I to do: here's the only pair of knee-breeches & I can't get them up any higher!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editorial Department of this Paper be addressed to the Editor, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

All business communications to be addressed to the Manager.

TO OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS is so rapidly increasing its foreign and colonial circulation that its managers consider it their duty to cater more specially for their wishes in conjunction with those of home readers. With this end in view, we shall be glad to receive sketches or photographs of events having sufficient importance occurring in any of those countries in which this paper now circulates. A Special Edition is printed on thin paper, and forwarded post free to any part of the world, at the rate of £1 9s. 2d. per annum, payable in advance. The yearly subscription for the ordinary thick paper edition is £1 13s. 6d.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

G. V. B. has a truly original reading of Hamlet, for which he craves space. Hamlet cries out "Unhand me," struggles to follow him, the Ghost, fiercely threatening to make a ghost of him that "lets" him. G. V. B. thinks his words indicate intense fear disguised under a bullying affectation of valour, the words obviously meaning, "Hold tight; I'll kill you if you let me go." The idea is certainly an original one, which could only have occurred to one ignorant of the meaning borne by the word "lets" in the time of Shakespeare.

FIRST SIGHT.—The incident was based upon one which actually occurred, and is thus described in Broca's book on the "Conduct of Heroic Women during the French Revolution":—"In one of the prisons of Paris, among a multitude that expected their trial, was a young man of a most interesting figure and countenance, who was accompanied by his wife, an extremely young and beautiful woman. Happy that they were not separated in this dreadful moment, this young couple fully persuaded themselves that the same blow would release them from this life, and unite their souls in a better; and the sweet hope of a union that never could be dissolved spread inexpressible charms even over the horrid scenes with which they were surrounded. One day, while the youthful wife was walking in the court with the other prisoners, she heard her husband called to the outer gate of the prison. She comprehended that it was the signal of his death: she ran after him, resolved to share his fate. The gaoler refused to let her pass. With unusual strength, derived from her grief, she made her way, threw herself into the arms of her husband, hung upon his neck, and with the most affecting cries, besought them to suffer her to die with her husband. She was torn away by the guards. 'Barbarians,' she cried, 'can you compel me to live?' At the same moment she dashed her head violently against the gate of the prison, and in a few minutes expired."

ALFRED JULIAN.—The result would probably be the sudden and enforced closing of the theatre. The Lord Chamberlain shut up the Strand Theatre in 1835, for refusing to be ruled by his decision, on which occasion eighty-six families were for a time deprived of their means of subsistence, and the actors were fined at Bow-street.

W. CAMPBELL.—True. Our contributor has himself worn the buskin, and has also written for the stage.

DUBLINER.—It was Sheridan who said, "Give these players a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it."

EMULGUE.—Thomas Dibdin wrote for the stage not less than 199 pieces of various kinds. You will find a descriptive list of them, for which we cannot here spare space, in his autobiography.

FRED SEED.—Where is he running to? We don't know. Evidently not to Seed, or you would not ask the question. We gave up reading the articles weeks ago.

C. J. A.—The French drama fairly dates from the reign of Francis I. The first who constructed a drama in France, after the ancient manner, was the poet Jodelle. His *Cléopâtre* was acted before Henry II., by his poetic and literary brethren, the author himself taking the part of the great Egyptian queen. It was a great success, to the alarm of the Brothers of the Passion, who held a patent for the performance of religious mysteries and moral plays. The King presented fifty crowns as a mark of approval to Jodelle, who soon after produced a comedy in five acts. When the Brethren of the Passion were forbidden to continue the representation of religious plays they adopted Jodelle's classic tragedies and French comedies in their place.

C. R.—We have already admitted that there are various stories relative to the death of Otway. According to Dennis, a friend of the poet's named Blackstone was murdered, and Otway, pursued the murderer, who was flying to Dover; returning from the chase, he drank cold water while violently heated, a process which resulted in a fever terminating in death. Dr. Johnson was doubtless familiar with each of the three different accounts of his death.

AN ACTOR.—He played the part for his own benefit, and we are quite sure that he did not play it for the benefit of any other person, either before or behind the curtain.

ONE WHO WANTS TO KNOW.—Why the present Lord Chamberlain was elected guardian angel of the drama, or why any other little Lord Cherub Chamberlains have been, or should be thus elected, are questions so utterly beyond the grasp of our conception that we cannot reply. Whether his lordship's duties are defined for him by some competent tribunal, or by himself for himself, are also questions which we are unable to answer. The entire system is a ridiculous source of vexation, annoyance, and humiliation, which ought long since to have been laughed out of existence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. PRING.—1. Altogether wrong, as will be seen when we add that not a single borough in Cornwall was subject to William the Conqueror. 2. The first Earl of Cornwall was Richard of Poitou, brother of Henry III.

S. H.—We believe the gentleman is the son of the late Mr. Forrester ("Crowsquill").

W.—Excommunication was in 1684 pronounced by Pope Urban VIII. against those who took snuff in church. The bull was renewed in 1690 by Pope Innocent.

TRADER.—In 1740, according to Sir John Guest, the iron manufactured in this country amounted to 17,350 tons. In 1778, when coal was adopted instead of charcoal, the quantity amounted to 68,300 tons; in 1796 it was 125,000 tons; in 1806 it was 258,000 tons; in 1823 it was 452,000 tons; in 1828 it was 703,000 tons; and in 1839 it was estimated at 1,522,000 tons.

PUBLICAN.—According to a writer of 1633, the ale most drunk in his day was "that which is made of wheat, mixed with parsley and other herbs, and adjudged best of all men."

ONE OF THEM.—We pity you heartily. It is sad enough to know that these shameless traders in vice, folly, and dissipation exist; but so long as they do exist, and do not violate the law, they have rights which it would be worse than folly to deny them. One of these rights is that of seeking out-door amusement. But their disgusting and deadly trade is quite another matter. To allow that to be openly pursued and thrust under the noses of respectable men and women, driving them from the places of public resort in which they seek amusement, rendering such places offensive, dangerous, and debasing to the pure, the innocent, and the unwary, is a thing which should neither be permitted to exist, nor indirectly promoted by driving the vice from its own foul hiding-places out into the open streets and places of public amusement. We are sorry for you, but your claim to sympathy rests upon no real wrong, and the thing is far too dirty to be handled in these pages. If you never misbehaved yourself in public it is hard that you should be turned from the doors of theatres and music-halls, but the degradation and suspicion are both no more than you had every right to expect.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1878.

THE "SCUM OF THE COURSE."

THE old and trite saying that "when things come to the worst they are likely to mend," has never been more emphatically verified than in the case of gate-money meetings in the neighbourhood of London, certain features

of which have of late furnished food for much adverse comment on the part of *quondam* supporters of these racing ramps. We may be sure that when the chorus of indignant complaint swells up from the ranks of those on whom suburban caterers depend for support, and who must be regarded as the very backbone of their meetings, there must indeed be something appallingly rotten, in the state of Denmark, pointing to its speedy downfall, and this at the hands of its former pillars of support. The "situation" is still more significant when we consider that publicity has been given to the loud and bitter complaints of sufferers under the present system of suburban racing, not in the columns of journals which might be supposed to cherish prejudices adverse to sport, but in those of the sporting press itself, which might naturally be supposed to entertain precisely opposite opinions. It has been the custom on the part of those of our contemporaries which may be said to exist by sport alone, to wax exceeding wrath against any statements calculated to expose the real character of what have been happily described as the "Little Peddlings of the Turf." It is true that some of the attacks made upon them have proceeded from wrong-headed and injudicious opponents, but these have no sooner opened their mouths than apologists and defenders have jumped down their throats, and, in many cases at least, have made up in abuse for any deficiencies in argument which might weaken their cause. To read descriptions of certain of these pettifogging *reunions* (?) in journals devoted to sport, it might be imagined by the inexperienced that nothing could be more perfect than their organisation and administration; and such highly-coloured pictures have been drawn of their pleasing surroundings and interesting attributes that outsiders have gone away impressed with the idea, not only of their advantages as a means of recreation, but also of their utility in respect of encouraging high-class horses! The Stewards' Stand (too often empty or in the occupation of other than its rightful tenants) has been filled in imagination with the cream of "society," the den of thieves below has been designated an assemblage of leading bookmakers, the poor crows which figure on the cards have been described (by courtesy) as racehorses, and the proprietor of half a leg of the winner of a selling race of the lowest plating order has blossomed into a "popular" owner, and has been congratulated with the same fulsome adulation as a Falmouth or a Crawford. The inevitable "working man" has been dragged in neck and crop to furnish an audience, and the petty gate-money meeting has been represented as the incarnation of racing morality, good management, and high-class sport. Perhaps we cannot altogether blame the upholders of this species of amusement for their rosy views of things, and they might naturally be unwilling to speak in terms otherwise than favourable of ventures out of which they sucked no small advantage. They could not do otherwise than give a lift to those who announced their arrangements by means of advertisements, while the occurrence of meetings in the otherwise dead season of the year furnished them with food for both "copy" and comment. We blame no one for refusing to quarrel with his bread and butter; but we consider that less puffing and soft sawder might have been used to bolster up a state of things which has long been a scandal and a nuisance. Doubtless they could bring forward for the defence many specious arguments, and there might be some sort of weight and reason in the oft-repeated assertions that "little" men and tenth-rate horses must be catered for, and that it was hard to deprive the "holiday people" of a share in the national pastime within easy reach of their homes. We shall not pause here to dispute their position, however untenable it may seem, our only object being to show what a revulsion of feeling must have occurred to allow of complaints against the admission of roughs and welshers at suburban meetings taking the place of eulogies upon their management and direction. Now that at last a vent has been permitted for the plaints of hapless victims, it is to be hoped that some real reform may be at hand; though we are not so sanguine as to believe in its immediate advent. The beginning of the end may be apparent in the marked decrease of little meetings "at the doors of the people," and it will be noted that the Kingsbury meeting of next month is advertised as the last to be held over the domains of mine host of the Welsh Harp. The riddance of such questionable undertakings (both from a social and sporting point of view) will be entirely due to the rapacity or incompetency of their promoters, who will have nobody to blame but themselves and the innate badness of the cause in which they embarked. We have always contended that it was the "scum" collected by these meetings which must one day be their ruin, and that this was the best of reasons for their suppression, putting on one side altogether the question as to whether the Turf was not degraded instead of elevated by the racing exhibitions of pariahs and outcasts of the Turf, human as well as equine. The question with their promoters will probably now be, not whether it is desirable to adopt police control for the purification of enclosures, but whether it will "pay" to do so; when it may possibly be found that the game is not worth the candle, and specs. will be at once abandoned. Great good was effected by the compulsory enactments of the Jockey Club as to the amount of added money and lengths of courses, but the "last straw" we fancy may be the obligation to keep rings and enclosures more select, a reform likely to be brought about and demanded by those who are the very life blood of such meetings, and by whose patronage they have hitherto existed.

We must not withhold the thanks which are justly due to a contemporary for having, *sero sed serio*, opened its columns to the exposure of a system of rapine and ruffianism which has heretofore been kept in the background and as much out of sight as possible. It is no longer possible for any, except rabid or mercenary partisans, to blink the existence of everything that is bad and of evil report in those dens of thieves, yclept "Tattersall's rings," and "select enclosures" at the minor meetings near London. Even Sandown Park has not escaped the censures of racegoers in respect of the doubtful characters admitted within its exclusive pale; and if a lavish expenditure and the best

of management fails to detect occasional black sheep in the fold, it may readily be imagined to what an extent rowdiness and knavery flourish in places under no supervision or control whatever. Should meetings continue to be held under such reckless mismanagement, and should the recent unmistakable ebullition of public feeling be disregarded, responsible persons must not be surprised at the expression likely to be given of a not unreasonable opinion, that they are actually in league with the "scum of the course" for picking the pockets of their customers. But they must be nearly convinced by this time that their little game is played out, and that it is time for them to retire while the balance of their account is still on the winning side. They been weighed by their customers and found wanting, and the latter will only have themselves to blame if they continue to support schemes contrived only for their insult and spoliation.

REVIEWS.

Bjorn and Bera; a Norse Legend. By B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING, author of "Fair Rosamond," &c. London: Remington and Co.

So rarely nowadays is verse sent out from the publishing houses at all worth the reading that it is with unfeigned pleasure we welcome Mr. Ranking's newest poem. The story is one not much known to English readers, and Mr. Ranking has preserved for them in his verse the weird phantasies and beautiful incidents of the original legend.

The first book tells of Bjorn's going forth on knightly quest, and the long days of his absence, and how the old King Hring was saddened; and then how the earls and knights would have their ruler married again, lest ill should come to Bjorn, and the throne be without an heir direct in case of Hring's death. Hring yields to their wishes, and three knights fare forth in quest of a queen, whom they find far north in a strange pleasance wrought and guarded by a spell of the new queen's witch-mother. Home to Scamness they all go, and old King Hring takes a young wife, the Snow-white.

The opening of the second book tells of Hring's continued mourning for the missing Bjorn, and shows us how, already, the Snow-white has tired of her lord, and yearns for a younger lover, whom her mother has promised. Home comes the wanderer, and when Bjorn is folded in his father's arms the guilty queen sees in him the man she perforce must love, and sets about the wooing him. He, like loyal knight, re-els her unnatural advances, having, besides, been of old betrothed to Bera, "the brown-haired," whose hand he publicly craves from his father as a boon. And now the Snow-white's guilty love changes to cruel hate, as only guilty love can; the aid of her witch-mother is called in, and Bjorn, albeit so brave, loyal, handsome, and courteous, is, by working of a spell, doomed to roam about by day in form of a monstrous bear, unknown of mankind, while at night, to add to his misery, he re-assumes his human shape, that he may, as his enemy bids him—

"Awake and weep,
To think of the rise of the coming morn,
That leaves thee a mark of my endless scorn."

The third book is the most tragical and the most romantic. Bera's weary waiting for her lost love is sung of, and how she goes forth one night to a weird circle of sacred stones, and is there terrified by the coming to her of a bear, yet so gentle a beast that, recovering from her fright, she sees that he wishes to guide her, and, with a wild despairing fancy that he may be a Heaven-sent messenger, and in right of her purity—

"For ancient wives and minstrels tell
No brute, however wild and fell,
With maiden true will ever melt."

she goes with him forestwards; and soon the sun goes down, and, lo! her lover's arms are round her and his kisses on her lips, for, it being now night, Bjorn wears human shape. He tells his story; they are married according to a quaint old Scamness usage, and live together in his cave—so happily that their trouble is well-nigh forgotten—till one morning the hunters' horn rings out as a knell, and Bjorn knows that his time is come, Bera that her joy is over.

Perhaps the finest part of the poem is this that tells of their passionate parting. It would be impossible to quote part of it without marring the effect of the whole, so we must content ourselves with pointing out that this gem forms the end of the third book.

Book IV, soon tells how it is that the hunters have tracked Bjorn. Snow-white, by more witchcraft, has found how he and Bera were happy in spite of her; so, taunting the old King by a suggestion that his nobles deem him feeble, she succeeds in inducing him to take the field and chase a bear of huge strength and great ferocity, which has become a terror to many weaker hunters.

Forth fare the King and his huntsmen, and—briefly we must tell it—Bjorn falls under his father's axe, and Bera is made the victim of her rival's treachery.

But the epilogue tells how this last wickedness did not wreak the ill that was meant, and how Bjorn's son righted his father's wrong.

We have told the story at some length that our readers may see that the book has, apart from its general interest as a volume of graceful, manly verse, a particular claim upon their attention, as treating of a legend which exhibits, in detailed fashion, the habits of thought and action of a race of men we know too little about.

We conclude with the opening lines of the third book:—

"Life is wrought of love and longing,
Sweet and bitter, for the joy
Of this earth would pale and cloy
If a thousand fancies thronging
Raised no hopes of something sweeter
Than all present bliss complete;
And we might not brook the yearning
After greater bliss, if, turning
To the world that now is here,
Love were not at hand to cheer.
Love abideth and shall bide,
Longing shall be satisfied.
For the desert will blow like garden fair
At spell of love that knows no chilling,
And Paradise meads were dull and bare
If wish were there that lacked fulfilling."

This will be sufficient to show that Mr. Ranking's latest work depends for its value upon something more than the weird interest of the plot, or the melody of its numbers. The thought that distinguishes it is not its least merit.

A TOILET GEM.—"Golden Star" Bay Leaf Water, unrivalled as a Toilet Water for its delightful and remarkably delicate aromatic odour. The pleasures and benefits of a bath are increased wonderfully by the addition of a small quantity of it. Extraordinary tonic properties are conceded to it for the nervous and those suffering from headache or fatigue. Buy only the "Golden Star" Bay Leaf Water, which name is registered for protection. Sold by all chemists and perfumers. Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[Advrt.]

SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

No. V.—AN ENGLISH FARMER.

As Tom Maizeley sits by the covert side, talking with a respectful deference which has nothing of servility in it to his landlord, Sir Henry Akerton, he would feel extremely uncomfortable if he had the faintest idea that he was being included in a series of sketches designed for the amusement of known and unknown friends, who are united by a common interest in the chase. Tom would laugh at the notion of being put in print; and when he does laugh, it is not the mild spasm of hilarity compounded of a smile and snigger which sometimes does duty for laughter, but a peal which leaves you no room for doubt as to the integrity and power of his lungs. Having so done justice to the novelty of the proceeding, Tom would, I suspect, feel awkward, and protest that there was nothing to say about a plain chap like him. Nor, perhaps, is Tom altogether wrong. There is nothing particular about him. He is only a steady-going, hard-headed, soft-hearted English farmer; but he is an excellent type of a class, and in a series of sketches of an English hunting-field must necessarily occupy a very prominent place, if such sketches are to be fairly comprehensive.

My opinion of Tom is by no means a universal one, and the very progressive Radical member, Mr. Marmaduke Jenks, who sits for the market town where you may meet Tom any Friday morning, regards him as an ignorant boor, dissipated and dangerous; while Tom, on his side, stigmatises his friend as a "rum 'un." Tom's creed is, in fact, very simple. He is only anxious to do the best by the land he holds, to train up his son to follow in his grandfather's footsteps, to make his daughters fit wives for the young farmers, his son's contemporaries, to keep his dependents honest and comfortable, and, in short—the idea seems absurd in this grasping, discontented age—to do his duty in that station of life to which it has pleased God to call him. Tom's ignorance revealed itself conspicuously when he was invited to become a member of a Two Hundred who were to have the privilege of selecting Mr. Jenks as a fit and proper person to represent the agricultural interest in the House of Commons, an honour which he refused in terms unmistakably decisive. To his besotted mind, his landlord is his natural representative, and he looks on the sudden arrival of a stranger who does not own an acre in the county, and whose only claim to consideration is that he has edited a manual of political economy, as an impudent intrusion. He has heard Mr. Jenks hold forth on the tyranny of the governing classes, the immorality of landowners, and has been promised that if he will only support Mr. Jenks and urge his brother farmers to join with him, the tyrants will be made to tremble before the eloquence of Jenks, who has draughted a bill which will enable every farmer to become possessed, on easy terms, of the land he tills. But all this fails to move sturdy Tom Maizeley. He doesn't want to make any one tremble, least of all his landlord, for whom he entertains a warm regard. "He lets me the land for a fair rent, and I pay it when it comes due. The game isn't in my lease, and I don't want what doesn't belong to me." Such is Tom's attitude philosophy, and he has consequently been set down as an incorrigible dullard. "I daresay he knows a lot," Tom said to a neighbour, as they jogged home after a lecture they had been induced to attend, wherein Mr. Jenks and some friends from London had painted their wretched condition to them, and after which he had distributed copies of his handbook, that they might refresh their minds when they got home. "I daresay he knows a lot; but it doesn't seem to make him very happy; and I reckon them that's contented has the best sort of politics!" How can you possibly reason with a man like this—a creature who deliberately refuses to understand that he ought to be miserable and dissatisfied? Jenks has given him up, and herein I think Jenks has done wisely.

Asaforesaid, Tom is now talking to the oppressor; and though the most elastic definitions of beauty will not include his face or figure, he is far from a disagreeable object to contemplate. He is now nearer fifty than forty, though not much. His thick brown hair has only just the faintest tinge of grey here and there, and his whiskers are as yet free from that slight indication that he is not as young as he was: a fact of which he would be well nigh unconscious were it not that his horses seem to labour rather more towards the end of the day than they used to do, and this sets their master thinking that the girth of his waist may have some influence on the peculiarity. He wears brown tops, of course, and, equally of course, breeches; a dark tweed shooting jacket, and rough, low chimney pot hat; and these garments, with what they contain, together with a comfortable saddle, approach in weight almost as near to fifteen stone as they do to fourteen. Tom, however, never had the slightest pretensions to being a brilliant huntsman. He does not jump if he can avoid it, and an extensive knowledge of the Meadowmere country enables him to find his way from point to point without bumping much in his substantial saddle. He and his horses perfectly understand each other, and if Tom has to take his place with the main body of the field, who follow each other over a moderate jump, the business is managed without any unnecessary exertion on either side. There is, fortunately for many of us, a way through, as well as over, most fences; and Tom does not disdain to wait, in the case of timber, until some ambitious spirit has broken the top rail, which—again fortunately for many of us—some ambitious spirit generally contrives to do, either at or without the expense of a cropper. So it happens that he avoids those moving accidents by flood and field which are inviting to the man who is not used to them; and that he often comes up smiling with a comparatively fresh horse, while less wary sportsmen, who have been conscientiously riding the line, are beginning to wonder whether they have not had nearly enough of it, and to feel quite certain that their horses have quite. When fourteen stone odd falls, it falls heavy; and, as many even lighter fellows know, the sensation of rising from the ground wondering what has been happening to you, how you came to be sitting about in a damp field, and why you have not a more satisfactory grasp of reins which are lumped up in your hand, or dangling about the fore legs of a beast which is gaily careering away in the next field, is calculated to destroy the equanimity of the best tempered of men. I like Tom Maizeley so much that I should prefer to depict him going as Dick Christian did in his best day, and taking what came in his way without fear or favour; but a regard for fact has taken the point out of many a spirited story; albeit there are a good many current anecdotes which have not been detrimentally influenced by such a consideration. And it must not be supposed that the only men who sell horses are those who ride straight. A steady-going nag is of more value to many than a steeplechaser of the highest character, and when Tom has ridden a horse for a season he has not to look far for a purchaser who will give what is comparatively a long price. In respect to riding, it must be admitted that Tom, junior, does more than his father ever did, and were it not for the faith the elder man has in his son's common sense, he would be a little uneasy now and then at Tom's intimacy with young Brookley, the steeplechase jockey, and son of the trainer whose stables are near the kennels of the Meadowmere hounds. Young Tom likes nothing better than a mount on one of Brookley's horses as it takes its morning gallop on the Downs, or perhaps goes for a turn over the jumps laid out on Covert Common; and

last year he turned his experience to good account by winning the Farmers' Plate at the Meadowmere Meeting, and selling the horse at a very decent figure. But Tom, junior, is not likely to ruin himself on the turf (nor, for the matter of that, is Brookley the sort of man to lead him astray), and already has shown his ability to lend a useful hand and a shrewd head to the management of affairs at the farm.

If you want to please Tom Maizeley, some day when jogging home from a good run you pass his door, accept his hearty offer of a rest and a glass of his sound ale. Up the lane there, past the straw yard, where probably a foal and a couple of colts are plodding about in the deep litter, and put up your horse in the stable, where in the loose box lives the good old brood mare that would have won the Grand National but for a series of misfortunes which Tom will detail to you, and which are perfectly convincing beyond all question, to him at any rate. Your beast may safely be committed to the charge of the old labourer who does duty as a groom, a type of sturdy agriculturist that is not to be beguiled by the winsome tongue of any agitator. One of Tom's men was tempted to join a branch of Mr. Arch's institution some years ago, but grew tired of paying shillings for the benefit of gentry unknown, and at last the fact leaked out to the no small satisfaction of his companions, whose faculty for producing jokes is small, and who are thus provided with a jest for life. When any pecuniary matter is under discussion, it is the fashion to refer to this honest yokel as a millionaire, who had so many shillings that he did not know what to do with them; and to make similar little jokes which go a wonderfully long way, and cause a wholly disproportionate amount of laughter, as the men sit on the ale-house bench, or stow away their provisions in Tom's servants' kitchen. It is into the other kitchen that Tom will conduct you, and make you comfortable in a chair by the side of the capacious fireplace, where the flames of a roaring fire gleam on various incidents of scripture history delineated in blue and white tiles. Tom has no drawing-room or dining-room, and sits here when he is not in his business room, somewhat laboriously conducting his correspondence, or making up his accounts. The girls have their sitting-room upstairs, inside the lattice window with diamond panes, about which creepers cluster so richly in the summer, but they will come down to do honour to their father's guest. Declining port and sherry, for Tom's taste runs rather in the direction of heady beverages, and explaining the impossibility of consuming roast beef, a quantity of turkey, and a small mountain of brawn, when you are going to dine in a couple of hours, you will do well to accept, even in preference to the ale, a cup of tea with the rich cream, the originators of which are lowering as they pass through the farmyard. Such bread and butter, too, as Bessie Maizeley cuts for you is not to be had every day of the year. Then, while a substantial meal is in course of preparation for Tom and his son, who has followed in after seeing to the horses, you have just time for a cigarette while Tom has a whiff at his churchwarden, the only way in which he can take his tobacco with a relish, and he will explain to you once more how it came that the old mare—a present, by the way, from Sir Henry Akerton, his tyrannical landlord—just failed to win the Grand National, and indeed to obtain a place in that remarkable contest. So with a cordial invitation from Tom to look in any time you're his way, a compliment to Mrs. Maizeley on her tea, and to the girls on their butter, a nod to young Brookley, who has called in passing, as 'you suspect for the sake of a word with Bessie, you take your leave. Tom's hand is not a model for a sculptor, and, naturally, it is often in sad need of soap and water; but it is a pleasant hand to shake for all that, and its hearty grasp somehow or other seems to do you good as you trot away into the high road towards home.

RAPIER.

SPORTING FIXTURES.

FLAT RACING.

NOVEMBER.

Warwick18, 19, 20 | Manchester19 to 22 | Kempton Park Clb. 21, 22, 23

1879.

MARCH.

Lincoln24, 25, 26 | Liverpool27, 28

APRIL.

Northampton1, 2 | Manchester14, 15 | Epsom Spring22, 23
Warwick Spring3, 4 | Durham14, 15 | Sandown Park Second
Croydon3, 4 | Newmarket Cr. 15, 16, 17 | Spring24, 25
Thirsk3, 4 | Lichfield16, 17 | Newmarket 1st Spring
Nottingham8, 9 | Catterick Bridge 17, 18 | 29 to May 2

MAY.

Ludlow Club1, 2 | Newmarket Second | York20, 21
Chester6, 7, 8 | Spring13, 14, 15 | Salisbury22, 23
Ipswich7, 8 | Lewes16, 17 | Harpenden23
Alexandra Park Sp. 9, 10 | Bath20, 21 | Epsom Sum. 27, 28, 29, 30

JUNE.

Croydon2, 3 | Ascot10, 11, 12, 13 | Newcastle24, 25, 26
Redcar2, 3 | Windsor17, 18 | Bibury Club25
Manchester3, 4, 5, 6 | Newton17, 18, 19 | Stockbridge26, 27
Sandown Park5, 6 | Hampton19, 20

JULY.

Newmarket1, 2, 3, 4 | Liverpool8, 9, 10 | Sandown Park24, 25
Sutton Park1, 2 | Huntingdon22, 23 | Goodwood 29 to Aug. 1
Carlisle1, 2

AUGUST.

Croydon4 | Fggham12, 13 | Stockton19, 20, 21
Ripon4, 5 | Redcar14, 15 | Oxford21, 22
Brighton5, 6, 7 | Windsor14, 15 | York25, 26, 27
Lewes8, 9 | Sutton Park19, 20 | Weymouth25, 26

SEPTEMBER.

Richmond2, 3 | Doncaster9 to 12 | Newmarket 1st
Warwick2, 3 | Lichfield Autumn 16, 17 | October23 to 26
Croydon4, 5 | Manchester18 to 20 | Kelson30, 31
Derby4, 5 | Alexandria Park 19, 20 | Nottingham30, 31

OCTOBER.

Leicester2, 3 | Newcastle14, 15 | Newmarket H. 20 to 25
Newmarket Second | Sandown Park | Brighton28, 29, 30
October 6 to 10 | Autumn 16, 17 | Lincoln30, 31, Nov. 1
Croydon14, 15

NOVEMBER.

Liverpool4 to 6 | Derby11, 12 | Warwick Nov. 17, 18, 19
Alexandra Park7, 8 | Shrewsbury11 to 14 | Manchester17 to 20

IRISH.

1879.

JANUARY.

Metropolitan1

APRIL.

Metropolitan Spring1, 2

MAY.

Metropolitan Summer13, 14

SEPTEMBER.

Metropolitan Autumn16, 17

CONTINENTAL.

NOVEMBER.

Auteuil10, 17 | Vesinet15, 17, 24 | La Marche17

STEEPLECHASE, HURDLE, & HUNT FIXTURES.

NOVEMBER.

Manchester19 to 22 | Croydon26, 27, 28 | Tenby26, 27
Kempton Park Clb 21, 22, 23

DECEMBER.

Sandown3, 4 | Bromley10, 11 | Kingsbury12, 13, 14

1879.

JANUARY.

Manchester1, 2 | Croydon18, 19 | Sandown Park, 27, 28, 29
Birmingham11, 12

FEBRUARY.

Carmarthenshire5, 6 | Croydon18, 19 | Sandown Park, 27, 28, 29
Birmingham11, 12

MARCH.

Croydon11, 12 | Lincoln24, 25, 26 | Liverpool27, 28

APRIL.

Croydon11, 12 | Ipswich7, 8

MAY.

Ludlow1, 2 | Ipswich7, 8

COURSING FIXTURES.

NOVEMBER.

Name.	Judge.	Slipper.	Date.
Tarleton Open	Mr. Stephenson	T. Wilkinson	19
Redale	Mr. Wentworth	T. Wilkinson	19, 20
Kirkgunzeon Open	Mr. Hedley	D. Johnstone	19 &c
East Stirlingshire Club	Mr. Jackson	T. Robertson	20
South of England	Mr. Wentworth	A. Nailard	21 &c
Carmichael Tenants' Meeting	Mr. Lindsay	D. Johnstone	21 &c
Brigg Open	Mr. Hedley	A. Luff	25
Upper Annandale (Moffat)	Mr. Warwick	D. Johnstone	26, 27
Renfrewshire Club (Blythswood)	Mr. Hay	T. Rootiman	26, 27
Bangor	Mr. Wentworth	T. Wilkinson	26, 27
Limerick Club	Mr. Warwick	C. Hoysted	27, 28
Walshford Bridge Open	Mr. Stephenson	F. Shaw	28, 29
Berkeley	Mr. Wentworth	Wilkinson	28 &c
Bellingham and Hexham	Mr. Hedley	T. Bootiman	29, 30

DECEMBER.

Name.	Judge.	Slipper.	Date.
Pulborough	Mr. Warwick	A. Nailard	3, 4
Corrie, Dumfriesshire	Mr. Hedley	T. Wilkinson	3, 4
Blankney Open	Mr. Wentworth	T. Wilkinson	3 &c
Salisbury	Mr. Warwick	T. Wilkinson	5, 6
North of England Club (Eslington)	Mr. Hedley	T. Bootiman	5, 6
Colesbourne (Cheltenham) Open	Mr. Wentworth	E. Moore	10, 11
Southminster Open	Mr. Warwick	A. Luff	10 &c
Kidway Club (Lytham)	Mr. Hedley	T. Wilkinson	11
Sussex Club	Mr. Wentworth	A. Nailard	12, 13
Halston	Mr. Warwick	T. Wilkinson	14
Johnstown Club, Ireland	Mr. Warwick	C. Hoysted	17, 18
Malton	Mr. Hedley	Mr. Bosomworth	18 &c
Dunlavin	Mr. Warwick	T. Wilkinson	18, 19
South Essex Club	Mr. Wentworth	A. Nailard	19

JANUARY, 1879.

Name.	Judge.	Slipper.	Date.
Ludham Club	Mr. Warwick	T. Wilkinson	2, 3
Rufford Open	Mr. Hedley	T. Wilkinson	2 &c
North of England Club (Fenton)	Mr. Hedley	T. Bootiman	9, 10
South Essex Club	Mr. Warwick	A. Nailard	14
Altcar Club	Mr. Warwick	A. Nailard	15 &c
Upper Nithsdale (Thornhill)	Mr. Wentworth	T. Wilkinson	23, 24
Ridgway Club (Lytham)	Mr. Hedley	T. Wilkinson	29

FEBRUARY.

Name.	Judge.	Slipper.	Date.
North of England Club (Rainton)	Mr. Hedley	T. Bootiman	4, 5
Durlestone and North Berwick	Mr. Hay	D. Johnstone	4 &c
Plumpton	Mr. Wentworth	A. Nailard	4 &c
Sussex Club	Mr. Wentworth	A. Nailard	13, 14
Waterloo Cup	Mr. Warwick	A. Nailard	19 &c
South Essex Club	Mr. Warwick	A. Nailard	20
North of England Club (Eslington)	Mr. Hedley	T. Bootiman	27, 28

MARCH.

Name.	Judge.	Slipper.	Date.
South Essex Club	Mr. Wentworth	A. Nailard	6
Johnstown	Mr. Warwick	C. Hoysted	6, 7

OCTOBER.

Name.	Judge.	Slipper.	Date.
Carmichael Open	Mr. Wentworth	T. Wilkinson	23 &c

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

NOVEMBER.

23.—Frame and Annan—£20, Tyne.
25.—Forster and Stewart—£50, Tyne.
26.—Spencer and Bullman—£200, Putney to Mortlake.

DECEMBER.

2.—McKenzie and Gurkin—£30, Tyne.
7.—Trial Eight, Cambridge.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

7.—Higgins and Elliott—£400 (Championship), Tyne.

CLUB FIXTURES.

NOVEMBER.

18.—St. Martin's Club—Fours, supper race.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

9.—Cambridge University Athletic Club—Emmanuel College Sports, open event, Quarter Mile Handicap.
9.—Thames Hare and Hounds—Short Distance Challenge Cup.
9.—South London Harriers—Ordinary run.
9.—Clapton Beagles—Challenge 10 Miles Steeple Chase.
9.—Hampstead Harriers—Run over Steeple Chase Course.
9.—Railway Clearing House Harriers—Ordinary run.
9.—Cheshire Tally Ho Hare and Hounds—Griffin Hotel, Bowdon.
11, 12.—Cambridge University Athletic Club—Clare College Sports, open event, 150 Yards Handicap.
13, 14.—Oxford University Athletic Club—Freshmen's Sports.
13, 14.—Cambridge University Athletic Club—St. John's College Sports, open event, 300 Yards Handicap.
15, 16.—Cambridge University Athletic Club—Jesus College Sports, open event, 120 Yards Hurdle Handicap.
16.—Clapton Beagles—Ordinary run.
16.—Hampstead Harriers—Handicap Steeple Chase.
16.—West London Harriers—Captaincy race.
16.—Blackheath Harriers—Members' Handicap Steeple Chase, about five miles, three prizes.
16.—Hampson Court Hare and Hounds—Ordinary run.
16.—Mosley Harriers—Ordinary run from Mosley Church to Rose and Crown Hotel, Lickley Hills, Bromsgrove.
16.—Spartan Harriers—Ordinary run.
18, 19.—Cambridge University Athletic Club—Trinity Sports, open event, Quarter Mile Handicap.

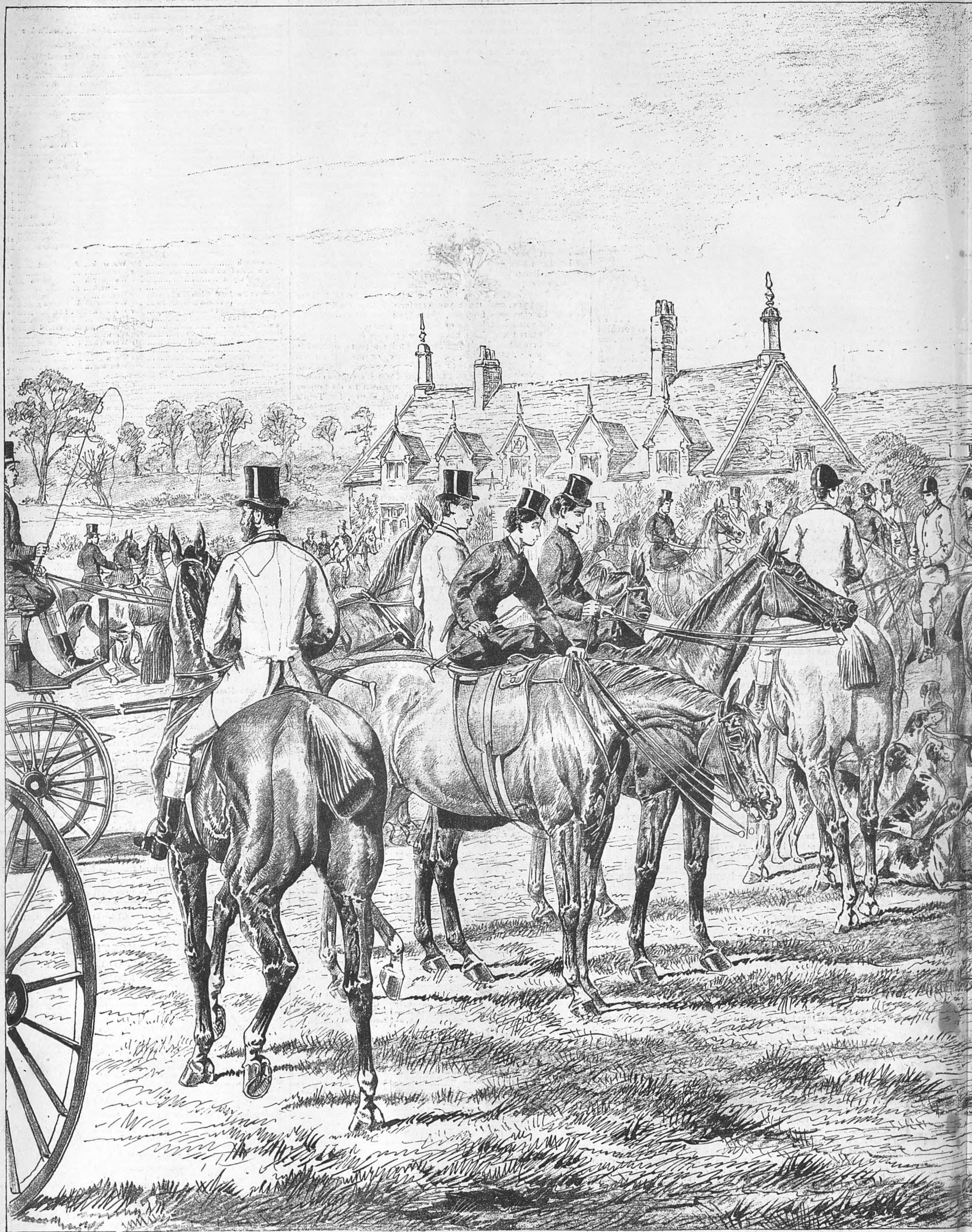
PIGEON SHOOTING.

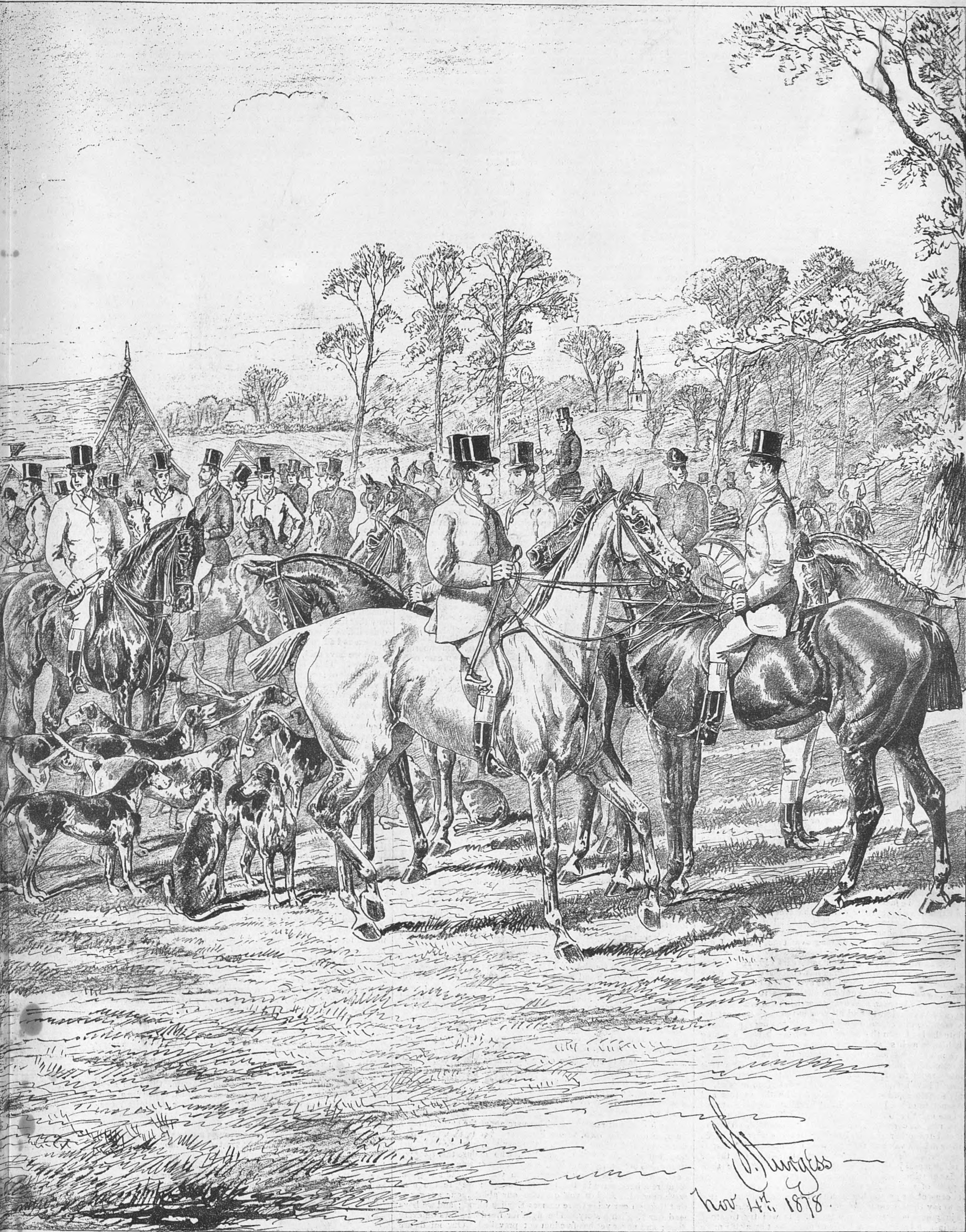
THE GUN CLUB, NOTTING HILL.

WINTER SHOOTING.

1878.
Saturday, Nov. 16.—26 and 28 Yards, 3 birds at each distance, £3 stakes.
Wednesday, " 20.—The Winter Handicap Cup, value £25, first competition, £3 stakes, special conditions, 9 birds.
Saturday, " 23.—£15 Cup, 27 yards, £3 stakes, 3 birds.
Wednesday, " 27.—Winter Cup, second competition.
Saturday, " 30.—£15 Cup, £3 Handicap, 7 birds.
Wednesday, Dec. 4.—Winter Cup, third competition.
Saturday, " 7.—£15 Cup, 18 yards, 7 birds.
Wednesday, " 11.—Winter Cup, fourth competition.
Saturday, " 14.—£3 Handicap, £15 Cup, 20 yards, £3 stakes, 5 birds for each event.
Wednesday, " 18.—Winter Cup, fifth competition.
Saturday, " 21.—£3 Handicap, 7 birds.
Saturday, " 28.—£15 Cup, 27 yards, £3 stakes, 7 birds.
1879.
Wednesday, Jan. 1.—Winter Cup, sixth competition.
Saturday, " 4.—£15 Cup, £3 Handicap, 7 birds.
Saturday, " 11.—If the Winter Cup be not won previous to this date, all winners of former competitions to shoot off for it, with accumulated stakes, at their respective handicap distances.

MISS MAY HOWARD, an actress of considerable reputation from the Southern States of America, has arrived in England. Her services have been secured by Messrs. Clarence Holt and Charles Wilmot, through her agent, Mr. J. W. Currans, and she will make her first appearance in this country at the Duke's Theatre, Holborn, on Saturday, November 23, in the great emotional play *Miss Merton*, first produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, with great success, and in which Madame Fargueil created so profound a sensation by her powerful representation of the heroine. Miss May Howard has acted the role with great success in Australia, New Zealand, and America. The orchestra stalls will be replaced.





J. Burgess
Nov 14. 1878.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

MR. STURGESS' CARRIAGE HORSES.

SIR,—I am disposed to think that Mr. Sturgess' illustration of the bearing-rein abused and the noble quadruped without the bearing-rein, "in a state of nature in harness," will give rise to some merriment with your numerous readers. The depression of trade in this country is attributed to high wages, over production, and I don't know what, but I rather fancy that the historian a thousand years hence will write somewhat as follows:—"The people of England during this period were much given to extravagance; for example, in a most exquisitely illustrated production, the title of which was torn, found among the ruins on which our present Senate House is built, two beautiful horses are depicted in harness such as were used at that very period in the pastime called fox-chase. Now, we have evidence that at this period there existed numerous parties who preferred a mixed rural and town life, the former, or rural life, being much occupied in fox-chase, for which horses with elegant light necks were mostly chosen, and which were costly, and not easy to procure. This being so, and it has been shown that the chariots of eminent persons of this period were heavy, they must have required several such horses to each chariot. Suppose they required four only, the money spent must have been fabulous. Nor is this the only way of judging the extravagance of this period. We may conclude that the use of these expensive horses in a less dignified position to that for which they were bred was not the only form in which the people of this period squandered their means. It is fair to infer that they ate with golden knives, lived in marble halls, and wasted their means in riotous living." No one of your readers can be a more ardent admirer of Mr. Sturgess' delineations than I am, but the cause of the abuse of the bearing-rein will not be furthered by impossible, or at least highly improbable, illustrations of use versus abuse.—I am, etc.

AN OWNER OF A PAIR.

Brighton, Nov. 11th, 1878.

THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS.

SIR,—I ask you to extend to me the same privilege of protest which has elsewhere been accorded to a brother playwright, against the office of that Upper Servant of the Royal Household who, in the back-yard of St. James's Palace, sits enthroned, the sole and irresponsible judge of the dramatic literature of England. But I ask you to allow me to deal with the subject in a more serious manner than that in which it has yet been considered, as being not a mere personal annoyance, but a national calamity, which is eating the heart out of our literature. My only title to a hearing is that I am another victim to the fantastic inconsistencies of the Examiner of Plays (of whom, throughout this letter, I speak purely in his official capacity), but none the less, I make bold to ask you for a considerable portion of your space: and I make bold to think that you will grant my prayer. The Press, which has so hardly fought and dearly paid for liberty, will, in its day of triumph, not deny its aid towards the enfranchisement of the imprisoned stage. It is for lack of that very freedom which makes the Press a power that the drama languishes.

The subject is not one which any earnest Englishman can discuss altogether calmly; for the genius of this country has ever revolted against all descriptions of despotism; and the thought that, if the tragedy of *Hamlet* were now written for the first time, its representation might—and unless the work were mutilated, would—be absolutely proscribed by the fiat of a single citizen, is a reflection which makes one's fingers clench themselves and one's blood boil. The knowledge that if another Shakspeare were to arise to-morrow he would have to submit the creations of his genius to the supervision of a court flunkey makes one's heart yearn to fight the battle for the stage's liberty, not merely with the quill, but as our fathers battled for their freedom—their swords in their right hands. Whilst any huckster, suing for his bill, may have his case laboriously judged by highly-trained and learned intellects, and from those intellects can still appeal to intellects of even greater dignity, the fact that he who has spent arduous days upon the highest and most difficult of arts may have the fruit of his long labour blighted at a breath, is one of those anomalies which the imagination could never conceive, and only real life, in a country which is supposed to be free, and an age which is supposed to be enlightened, can furnish.

The Licensor's existence has been pleaded for upon the score of its expediency. True, almost every work of Shakspeare would break down under its ordeal; true, if the office were consistently administered no really great or noble play would ever be permitted on the stage; true, it necessitates the holding up to nature, not of the mirror, but the back of it—what of all this? As a matter of fact, we have no Shakspeares nowadays; the office never was and never can be, consistently administered; and as regards the mirror—well, in such an age, the back is much more pleasant than the front. When all is said, it keeps the stage comparatively pure. So runs the argument. I crave your leave to prove that it is false; that even on the ground of its expediency this office is not to be justified, that even as regards keeping of the stage comparatively pure, it is, as in all else, a humbug, an imposture, and a sham. And if, in proving this, I go over old ground, the ground is well worth going over twice; and if I use plain language, it is because truth requires it.

The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and during all that time the imagination of man has conceived many filthy things. But I question whether it has ever given birth, or ever will again, to any conception quite so obscene as that of the old man in the *Pink Dominos*. We may search in vain, even through the pages of Wycherley, to find his peer in shame. And yet for twenty months, this creature's baleful breath has been permitted to pollute the land. In the *Marjolaine* I have beheld a young man, hidden in a chest, spring out upon a woman half undressed, whilst from her lips broke words I shudder to recall. In *Peril* I have watched, with bated breath, an attempt to commit a rape elaborately represented before the public. In *Madame Attend Monsieur* I have seen more than should be described in print. I will only therefore add that this was done with the express and special sanction of the Licensor. Need I prolong the list? Have I not said enough to show his office is a sham? The guardian of the public morals has corrupted them. It is no valid plea that he has interdicted other shameful sights; it is that very fact which gives their market value to the ones which he permits. What is an office worth which cannot save us from such shames as these? What is the moral judgment worth which could not see their evil? Is the tribunal which failed to recognise these things as vice capable of recognising virtue? Can there be greater shame than its consent, or greater honour than its condemnation? It is useless to say these were mistakes which will not be repeated. Such a judgment is incapable of learning. It will try to atone for its unjust and mischievous leniency in the past by a still more unjust and mischievous severity in the future. It will be continually swaying about—a coward, to-day; a bully, to-morrow—an intellectual hermaphrodite, always. I do not charge the Chamberlain with the entire responsibility of these degraded exhibitions; but I do say that, if the stage were free, its wildest licence could not work more harm. Such sights would still be seen, because no power can stay them. Stop them in one place,

they will break out in another. They are the tares, which cannot be lucked up, except you trample under foot the wheat. Let both alone, to grow up side by side; the corn is better than the tares are bad.

These are the things which we have seen. Now, turning to the things which we have not seen—works which have been mutilated and proscribed—the guilt of the Lord Chamberlain is just as black. The catalogue is not long, but it is wide—the flower of the dramatic literature of France—masterpieces, from the very reading of which one rises refreshed and strengthened—plays which, to see well placed upon the stage, must be events to be remembered in one's prayers—and not the flower of the French drama only—not only plays which, in another country, have been actually played and, being played, have taken up their thrones in the remembrance and reverence of men; but no whit less, the flower of modern English drama also—plays which have not been even written yet, but which, despite the cry that we have no dramatic genius, would have been written and produced ere now if English authors dare paint English life. The suns, the moons, and stars are blotted out of the dramatic firmament; and only rushlights are allowed to flicker. Our drama is deliberately slain, and England's brains—all driven out of it—take refuge where the only refuge is—in science, where thought is free, and truth the only Chamberlain. Surely, the curse of God is on an age which dares not look at itself in the glass.

When I observe the capricious way in which the censorship is administered; when I remember the instances in which it has outraged its functions, and betrayed its trust; how it has pandered to the lascivious tastes of the rich; when it thought that under the cloak of a foreign language it could hide them from the poor; how the scandals it has licensed have always been the handiwork of men of note, and the English plays it has proscribed the work of lesser men; when I see it developing every one of the worst vices of tyranny, and note the abject fear in which the managers all lie, of some fresh outbreak of its arrogance, I cannot hold my indignation, and I claim the right to protest against being compelled to submit my work to this ordeal of shame. It gives no reasons, it is governed by no laws, it is bound by no precedents; it does one thing to-day, and another to-morrow. Its victims are compelled to buy its judgment; and until a play is actually in preparation, until it is definitely settled where it is to be produced, until all one's time has been lost and all one's trouble has been taken, it will not condescend to give judgment at all.

I do not, for one moment, mean to say that the little comedy of mine which has aroused the Examiner's displeasure would have been any very notable addition to the list of English plays; but as I glance over the two or three months' work which a stroke of his pen has turned into so much waste paper, I can see no reason in his decision. A French piece forms its basis, and the French piece is a bad one: therein lies the guilt. But my fellow-workman and myself have not been satisfied with stripping it of its obscenity, we have endeavoured to put into it some sense and moral meaning; and that we have not wholly failed we are well satisfied, if only from the quick apprehension with which our point was caught and taken up by the little artiste we entrusted with it who grasped so eagerly at the opportunity which the Examiner of Plays has taken away from her. It is the command of Her Majesty's Lord Chamberlain that she shall show her legs instead of her brains.

But though this individual comedy may be a very small loss to the literature of the stage, the system under which it has succumbed is working the destruction of the English drama. We cry with a loud voice—Why have we no dramatists; why have we no stage pictures true to life? whilst all the time we are supporting an organisation whose very mission is to render them impossible. See how the system works on such as me, remembering that it would work the same on genius. I cite my own case, only because about my own feelings I can speak with authority. There are a multitude of young men in the same case as I am—and it is from young men that the plays of the future must come—who would be only too glad to devote all they can command to the study and practice of the dramatist's art, not simply for the sake of money getting, but for the love of it, and out of a pure and earnest desire for the elevation of the stage. But is it to be supposed that we shall ever sit down to write a play with any other object than to obtain the means of subsistence, when we know that the anxious toil of months and even years, may be all brought to nothingness by a shake of the Chamberlain's head? Is it to be expected that we shall search into our hearts and into the experience of our lives in order that our work may savour of the genuine passions of humanity when we know that its very truth will be its very condemnation? What art can flourish that is thus oppressed? Where would the masterpieces of our literature have been? What would have become of the pride and glory of our country, if they had been compelled to undergo this yoke? They would not only never have survived it, they would never have been written. Where would the art of sculpture or that of painting be, if the State insisted upon its being thus fettered. It is pitiful, at this time of day, to have to re-assert these truisms. It is shameful that one should have to contend, as if it had never been contended before, that the danger of license is no counterpoise to the advantages of liberty.

Oh, people of England, have you lost all belief in freedom? have you forgotten your lineage? Will you not extend to the grandest of your arts that liberty which, in all other spheres, has stood you in such stead? Will you continue in his office, one year more, this Goth and Vandal, whom an angry minister created, simply to wreak his vengeance on one scribe? Cease to bewail your stage's poverty. Believe a little more in your own land, and do not drive its sons who love it to America. Strip from our backs this Old Man of the Sea, relieve us from this incubus which makes our hearts sick and our brains barren; then see what we can do. It is not fair to judge us as we are. Our pens are paralysed.

But it is vain to cry. The office of Licensor of Plays, though indirectly it affects us all, affects but few directly; and half those few it crows and renders dumb. So, to society at large, the situation of the stage is of no interest; the while, to those who would devote their lives to its discipleship, it is just heart-breaking.

But it shall not remain so. There are about the stage's door a number of young men, whose hearts are stouter than their predecessors', and whose hands are stronger. We are very obscure now, but our time will come. You, who endure this tyranny, your sands are nearly run. You are this generation; we are the next. We shall be living powers when you are dead and gone. You are a back wave in the tide of progress; we are the next wave onward. And if you question our ability, our answer is that through our veins there courses English blood; and we have read our English history. The fight for freedom glows on every page; and never yet has freedom not prevailed. Our minds are made up, and the thing is done. The liberty for which our fathers fought, and won with their life's blood, in English politics; the liberty for which our Brights and Cobdens strove, and gained, for English food; the liberty which makes the English press a power, we will accomplish for the English stage.—Yours, &c.,

SYDNEY GRUNDY.

13, King's Bench Walk, Temple, Nov. 5, 1878.

VETERINARIAN.

No. 1.—THE DETECTION OF LAMENESS IN HORSES.

POSSIBLY there is no subject in connection with horses of more importance than the detection of lameness. We shall, therefore, in two or three brief papers upon the subject endeavour to point out the various ways in which lameness manifests itself, also we shall endeavour to point out the ways in which it is best detected. Most cases, possibly five-sixths of the cases of disease a veterinary surgeon is called upon to treat, are cases of lameness, or, in other words, where he is called upon to treat one case of internal disease, he will be called upon to treat six cases of disease of the organs of locomotion. The writer once heard an old and experienced vet. say that lameness was far more perplexing to a vet. than internal disease, because in the one case the animal either died or recovered shortly, as a general thing, but in the other case—that of lameness—the animal would live, and if uncured or unrelieved would be a standing reproach. The late Professor Dick of Edinburgh, the founder of the profession in Scotland, was in the habit of spending three-fourths at least of the college session so far as his lectures were concerned, in treating the anatomy and diseases of the locomotor organs. He was an adept in the detection of lameness, and his opinion was sought throughout the civilized world. Most cases of equine lameness are easily detected; but in cases that are obscure, as a rule, the obscurity is very great. The cases that are easy of detection belong for the most part to one of two classes, or to both; either alteration of structure is apparent to the touch, or to the sight, or to both; or the gait of the animal is characteristic. As an instance of the first we may mention spavin and splint, and of the second groggy lameness or navicular disease. There are also cases which we may call mixed, such, for instance, as those where there exists a likely cause of lameness which is not really the cause; and, again, where there are more than one cause of lameness, especially if the ailments are on different legs. It is not, for instance, at all uncommon for a horse to have splints which are old and set, so to speak, which give rise to no lameness, and yet a horse may be lame on the limb on which the splints are situated; neither is it uncommon to find old spavins which are causing no lameness, and yet the animal may be lame on the spavined leg. It is a good thing to bear in mind with regard to all bone deposits, such as splint and spavin, that after the deposit is once formed and matured no lameness is caused unless the bony growth interferes with the movement of the parts immediately around. A splint, for example, rarely causes lameness beyond a few weeks. Whilst a bony growth is taking place, the inflammation in the part causes such tenderness that the jar from walking or trotting on a metalled road causes exquisite pain; so also does pressure upon the part with one's fingers. The reason why the pain is so great in these cases may be explained thus: Suppose a fresh bone be obtained from the butcher and broken across, the reader will find that a thin strong membrane surrounding the bone like a ballet-dancer's tights prevents the complete severance of the fractured ends, and this has to be cut with a knife, or if an attempt be made to tear it, it will rather strip off the bone surface than sever, so tough is it. This membrane, called periosteum, is so tough and unyielding that it won't give way to the swelling beneath it, consequently great pain is induced, as those only know who have suffered from gout, whitlow, or other inflammation bound round by unyielding tissues. It is quite different when the diseased process is completed; then the tension and all connected with it has ceased.

As we have said, most cases of ailment in horses are cases of lameness. There is just one more assertion, which is this—that most cases of lameness occur either in the fore feet or in the hock, a very large percentage, but we can only state the matter roughly, as no statistics, so far as we know, have been published. The reason why these two structures are more commonly the seat of disease than the other parts of the organs of locomotion is that they are the lowest centres of weight. To be sure, this is only apparently true of the fore feet; the hock has other parts below it, but it must be remembered that in progression the weight of the animal is transmitted downwards and backwards through the straight bone called the tibia—the bone extending from the stifle to the hock—and directly through the seat of curb in such as have bent hind legs, and a little below the curb place in those which have straighter legs; hence the greater liability of the former to "spring" curbs. When the weight received upon the top of the hock, as we have pointed out, is transmitted to the foot, its line of direction is abruptly changed. This is obvious by drawing an imaginary line through the tibia, which will emerge below and behind the hock, and another line indicated by the canon bone—the bone extending from the hock to the fetlock joint—when it will be found that there is an angle formed, which will vary in proportion to the straightness or otherwise of the hind limb. The more crooked the limb the more abrupt will be the change in the lines of direction. This may be well illustrated by a familiar example. Suppose a man to run direct at a stone wall, he runs at right angles to it, and attains the maximum of abruptness; if, however, he is tipsy, and walking near the wall, and almost parallel with it, the abruptness is so slight that he is not stopped, but only jostled in his course. It will be seen, then, from our explanation that the reason the hock is so often the seat of disease is the accident of its being situated at the place where the weight abruptly changes its lines of direction. Further on we shall explain why spavin is most often situated at the bottom of the hock to the front of its inner side. We need not stay to enquire the reason of disease so frequently attacking the fore feet. They are the lowest weight-bearing points of the fore limbs, and the fore limbs again are the weight-bearers of the body.

The circumstances under which lameness is detected vary very much. Some forms of lameness are best detected during rest, others during rest or motion. Again, there are some forms of lameness entirely concealed during rest, which are at once revealed during motion; whilst others again are as entirely concealed by movement. There is nothing more common, for instance, than to find the lameness of spavin pass off after the horse has warmed to his work, although most cases of spavin are best detected during work, or at least during movement. Some cases of splint will appear sound whilst standing still or walking, but on being trotted go "d ad" lame. This being so, it follows as a matter of course that in order to detect lameness we must see and try the horse during complete rest, and during his various paces.

(To be continued.)

At the new Vestry Hall, Hampstead, on Tuesday, Nov. 5, there was a grand opening concert, under the direction of Mr. Vernon Rigby, when Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Banks, and Miss Julia Elton, and Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Lewis Thomas appeared. Solo pianoforte, Mr. Sydney Smith; solo harp, Mr. John Thomas, harpist to Her Majesty the Queen. Signor Alberto Randegger conducted.